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The BYSTANDER

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GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/

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The Bystander, December 14, 1932 No. 1513. Vol. CXVI

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

The FACE and the FLOWER

No. 2.—The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava

White lilac has been chosen to accompany Lady Dufferin and Ava's fair beauty; lilac is as typical of an English May as she and her two sisters are of English blonde loveliness. Lady Dufferin, who celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday a week or so ago, is the second daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness; she and Lord Dufferin have been married two years

There Goes the Bride!

Above is Miss Yvonne Marling, arriving with her father, Sir Charles Marling, G.C.M.G., C.B., at St. James's, Spanish Place, for her marriage to Mr. "Taffy" Rennell Rodd, Sir James and Lady Rennell Rodd's youngest son. On the right, the bridegroom, who is in the Navy, photographed leaving the church

Miss Ann Bovill, only daughter of the late Mr. A. K. Bovill and Mrs. Bovill, and Mr. George Frederick Burgess, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late Mr. G. F. Burgess and Mrs. Burgess

Leaving St. Mary's, Headley, after their wedding: Captain Bernard de Robeck, Royal Artillery, younger son of the late Baron de Robeck and Baroness de Robeck, and the Hon. Peggy Cunliffe, the late Lord Cunliffe's youngest daughter. Captain Baron de Robeck, R.H.A., was best man to his brother

Another naval wedding was that of Lieutenant Alan F. Black, R.N., son of the late Mr. Francis Black and Mrs. Black, and Miss Patricia Rokeby, daughter of Mrs. Ralph Rokeby, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Miss Betty du Pre, Lord Churston's fiancée, was one of the four grown-up bridesmaids

Charles E. Brown

Major Smith Bosanquet's hounds moving off after the meet at Northaw, the Greyhound Racing Association's kennels

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

YET another engagement. Surely the last months of 1932 must have set up a record in this particular direction. The latest to be announced, that of Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox and Miss Diana Kingsmill, is one of the few good things that came out of the Ottawa Conference last August. Miss Kingsmill's home is in Ottawa—her father, Admiral Sir Charles Kingsmill, was director of the Canadian Naval Service from 1909 to 1920—and her fiancé, the son of the late Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox, was watching the Imperial Conference as a special correspondent of a London newspaper.

DURING the summer the Kingsmills live on an island in the middle of one of the countless lakes scattered over Ontario, and there were able to offer much sought-after week-end escape from the exasperations of schedules and tariff percentages to several of our Ministers, including Lord and Lady Hailsham, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister, Mr. and Mrs. Runciman, as well as some of the younger M.P.s who were out there, such as Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd and Captain Dugdale.

Looking Lovely for Charity

Three of the "Loveliest Women" who will parade at the Gay party to be held at the Café de Paris to-morrow night, in aid of the Enham and Papworth Village Settlements. Above is Mrs. Philip Kindersley as the Childish One, and on the left are Mrs. Maxwell Chance and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson, as Dangerous Ones

IT was here that the friendship—originally blossoming in Switzerland—ripened finally, though I believe the matter was not "clinched" until about a month ago over the Transatlantic telephone. And they are to be married in Ottawa immediately after Christmas, followed by a ski-ing honeymoon in the Gatineau Mountains. Quick work! But long engagements, are not often insisted on by parents in these days. Miss Kingsmill is a member of that

most exclusive of ski-ing clubs, the Kandahar, of Mürren, and has raced for the British Ladies, both in Switzerland and the Arlberg. She is also a beautiful skater and swimmer.

ALMOST anyone who has been married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, or at St. Margaret's, Westminster, will be interested in the secret marriage to Mr. Bernard Baruch, the American millionaire, of Miss Dinkie Mann, the dazzling blonde who was in charge of the "Brides' Book" at Fortnum and Mason's. Month after month she helped people choose themselves wedding presents. Now she is at the receiving end.

ARE you a member of Pugs Club? Lady Queensberry and Lady Cecil Douglas have followed the example of that Swastika note-case scheme, and are adapting it to the membership of this club in Hertford Street. It costs a guinea to be a member, and after you have secured two other members for the same amount you get five shillings of the subscription of each of the members they elect, and so on, almost ad infinitum. No member is allowed to make more than £2000 a year.

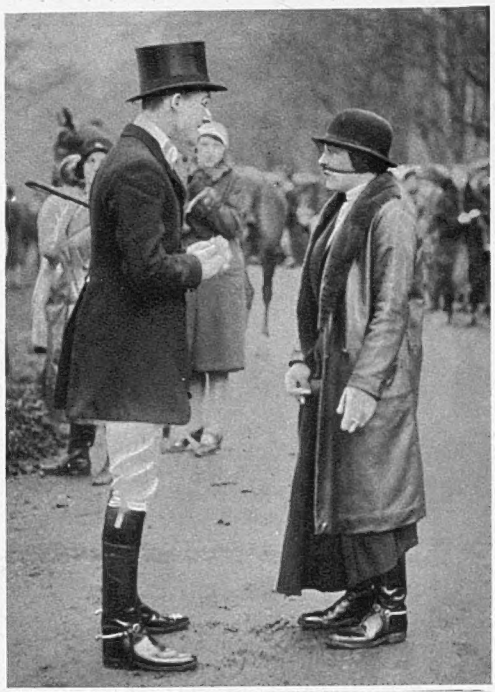
APART from the novelty of being able to make money out of the club to which you belong, Pugs will have two cocktail clubs and "surprise" cabaret items, as well as luncheon, dinner, and supper. To each member or "agent," monthly accounts will be rendered, and it is estimated that if the first two members you get elected do their stuff, you can make anything from thirty shillings to several hundred pounds. Incidentally, if any of your friends or your friends' friends renew their subscription next year, you are automatically entitled again to the same fee. The club was due to start on Monday.

Peter North

A new portrait of Georgina Lady Sholto Douglas, whose fancy-dress dance at Claridge's was one of the best of the St. Andrew's Day Celebrations. Lady Sholto Douglas is a fair and lovely Dutch woman, and was Mrs. Barnard - Mosselmans

THIS evening (Wednesday) a number of young people are persuading their friends to *buy* cocktails, at the Pinafore Rooms of the Savoy, on behalf of poor children in hospital. My invitation is headed by the names of Mr. Max Aitken, Miss Sheila Berry, Lady Bridget Parsons, Lady Pamela Smith, Mr. Ralph Cobbold, and others. The others include Mr. Charlie Sweeny and Miss Whigham, both of whose names were spelt wrong. I trust, for Mr. Aitken's growing reputation as a newspaper-man, that he did not do the proof-reading of the specimen invitation.

YET another engagement—that of Mrs. Rex Colclough (pronounced Coglow at a recent mannequin parade). On the evening she got her divorce a dinner-party was given at Quaglino's to celebrate her marriage in January to Mr. Foster Blakeley. Mr. Blakeley has just left for the United States. When he reached the age of twenty-one, he had



At the top: the Hon. Dick Guinness. and Mrs. Colin Buist at the Quorn meet at Saxelby; below: Mr. C. Hilton Green, Master of the Cottesmore, and Countess Fortescue at Oxey Farm

Four "Spanish" Lovelies at

Above are the Hon. Sheila Berry, Lady Pamela Smith, Miss Irene Mann-Thompson, and Miss B. Batlivala in the dresses they wore in the cabaret at the Spanish Ball, arranged by Mrs. Stanley Smith and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, which was held last week at Grosvenor House

The six bridesmaids at Miss Marcy Ray were Miss Bunty Standish-Barry, Miss Robina Marshall-Smith, Miss Peggy They wore pink georgette dresses, with

Grosvenor House

Right: Mr. Donald G. Ray, Royal Fusiliers, and Miss Marcy Standish-Barry, at their wedding reception. The bride's mother, Mrs. Standish-Barry (Miss Nell St. John Montague), is on the bridegroom's left

Standish-Barry's wedding to Mr. D. W. G. Miss Elsie Randolph, Miss Heather Ray, Kerridge, and Miss Adelaide Derbridge. silver bandeaux, shoes and tiny muffs

the option of being an American or a British subject. He chose to be British. Good for Mr. Blakeley. His mother was the beautiful Mrs. Hyde, of New York.

YET another engagement—that of Miss Barbara Hutton to Prince Mdivani. Nor will it be denied, if what I hear is true. They tell me that the divorce of the Prince and his charming American wife, the former Miss Van Allen, took place secretly at The Hague last week. When Miss Van Allen married the Prince, against her parents' wish, a sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars was settled on him. His wife had twenty-five thousand pounds a year; a large sum, but not as much as Miss Barbara Hutton, who has twice that every month.

MR. PETER ARNO shows, at least at the time of writing, no desire to return to New York. He has been fêted everywhere, so why should he? Unless, of course, he feels that he ought to return some of the hospitality showered on him. But he is so good-looking that one can hardly believe that he could ever outstay his welcome.

The Bride, the Sword, and the Cake

ONE of our most delightful visitors at the moment is Princess Rospigliosi. She used to be Miss Stalo, of the United States, and her sister married Prince Michel Murat, who died quite recently. When in New York, Princess Rospigliosi used to be unofficial hostess of the Embassy Club there. One of her characteristics is a great partiality for that innocuous liqueur Crême de Menthe. I wonder whether she will have anything to do with the management of Pugs Club?

JERMYN STREET is always welcoming a new restaurant. The latest is the Grand Vatel, the premises of which formerly housed the Café Lombard and, before that, Les Lauriers. It is a nice little place, with green walls and a long bar and a good cook. I can recommend the sauce of cream, brandy and champagne which they pour over your pheasant. Lady Phyllis Allen and Mr. Billy Gardner were dining there the other night.

RESTAURANTS may come and go, but the Ritz at luncheon time is always crowded.

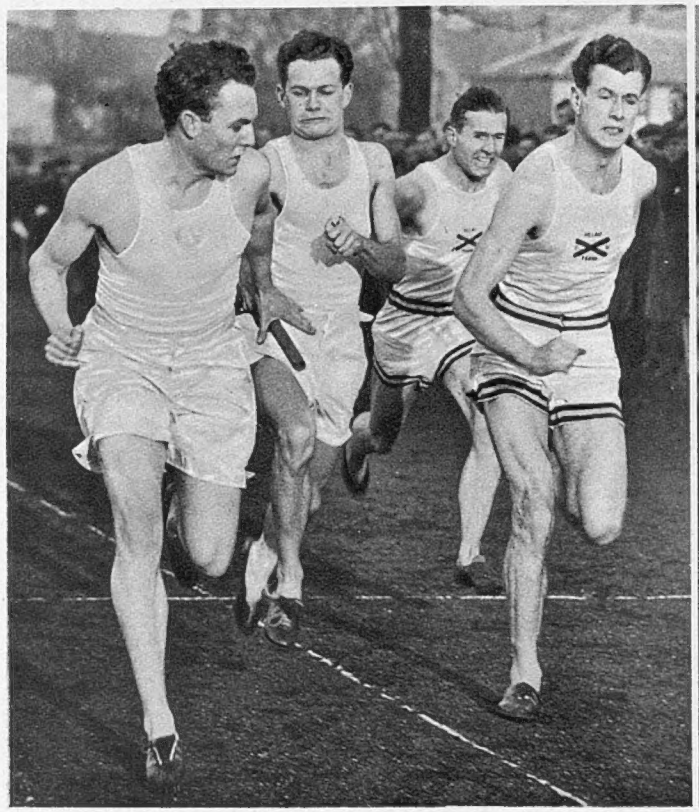
Lady Nugent and Miss Felicia Wilson go racing at Newbury. Lady Nugent was Miss Peggy Puxley before her marriage to Sir Hugh Nugent last year

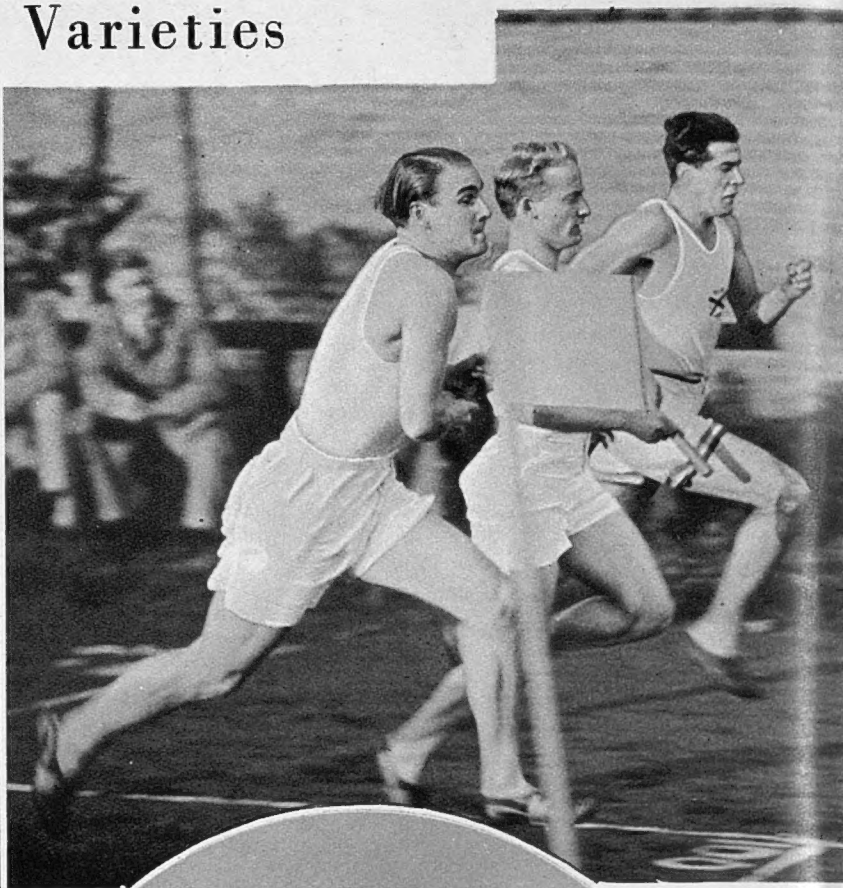
Most days last week the tables spread all the way out until they reached parallel with the cloakroom, and unless you arrived before 1.15, it was impossible to get a table or a chair at which to sip a cocktail. On one particular day the Aga Khan had a party of about twenty-five. Mrs. Simon Brand had another of about eighteen, and there were numbers of smaller ones, including those of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Everard Gates.

SEATED at a table facing the door was Douglas Fairbanks. He had Joe Coyne lunching with him, and there is every likelihood that Joe will go back and revive his perennial youth by acting in films at Hollywood. I believe he has only acted in one film in his life, and that was about twenty years ago. Douglas Fairbanks had intended to stay until Christmas, but Mary Pickford was insistent, and he will probably have sailed by now.

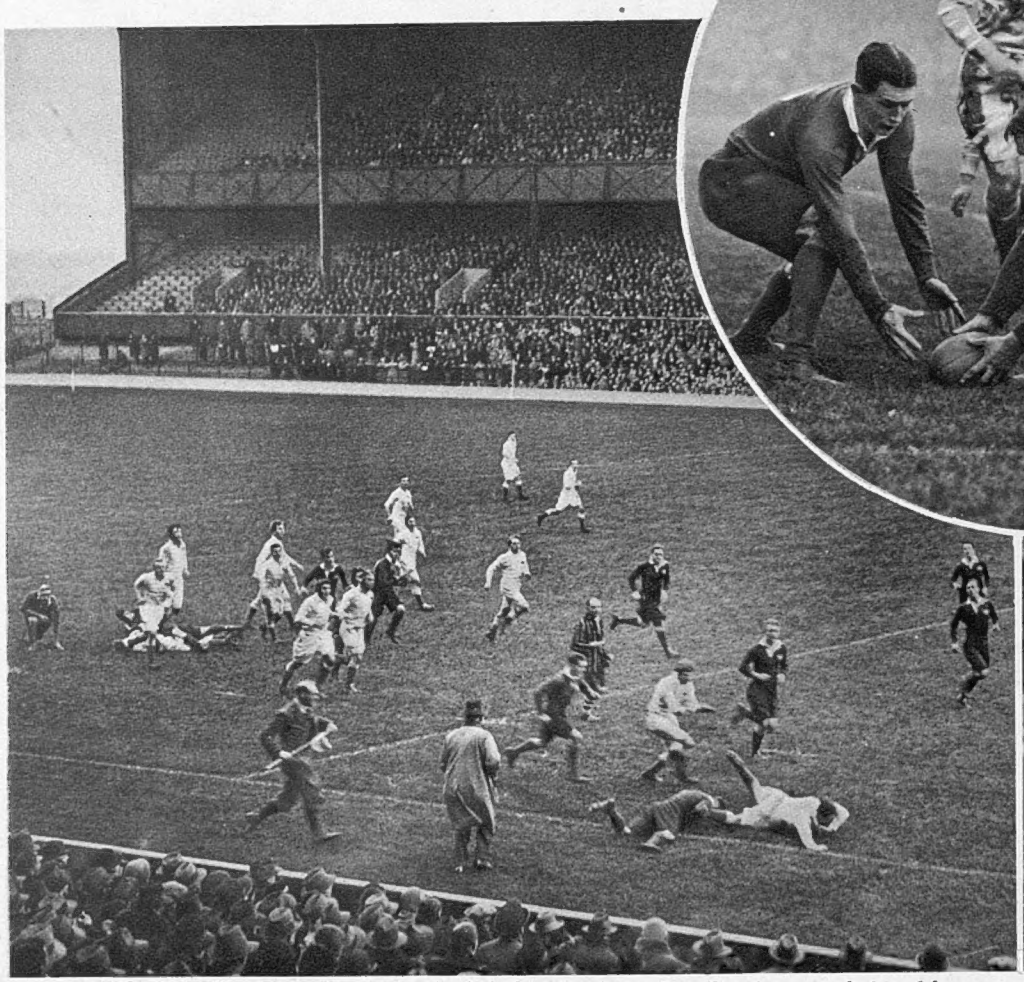
IT was at the Ritz that I heard another story of our most remarkable millionaire, the one who is determined to die the richest man in England. One of them was that when he was in the South of France, during the Battle of Flowers at Nice, and wanted to present a certain girl with a token of his esteem, he motored over from Cannes on the day after and collected any number of blossoms which still strewed the Promenade des Anglais, and sent them to her in a second-hand lingerie-box.

Non-Stop 'Varsity Varieties



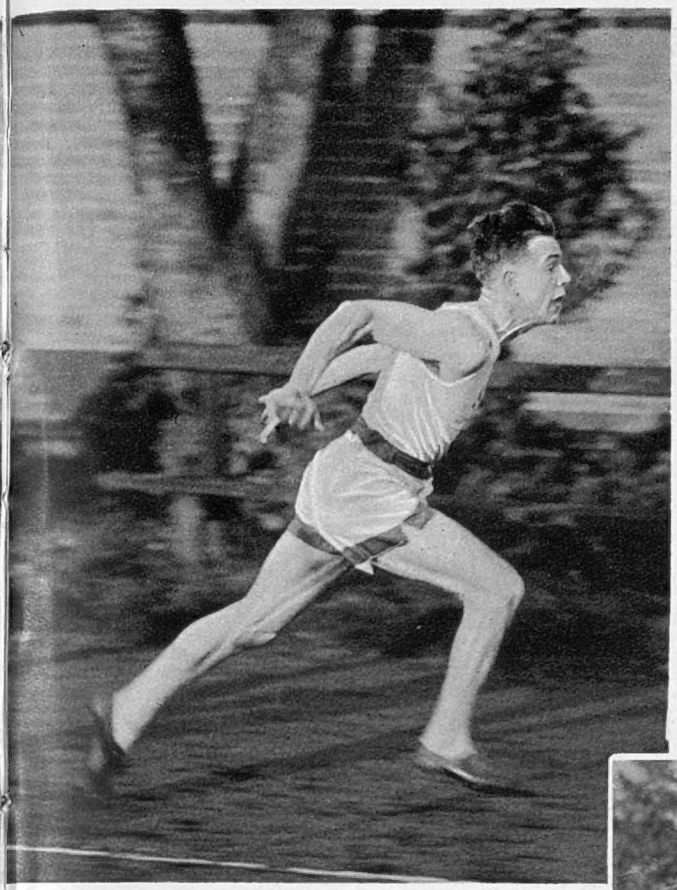


J. D. Wade (Cambridge) taking over the bâton in the last 100 yards of the 400-yards relay, to win in the Oxford v. Cambridge relay races at Fenner's, when the latter won by 4 events to 2



The Inter-'Varsity match was won by Oxford by 8 points to 3. Above is a general view of the game at Twickenham, showing a Cambridge player well collared on the touch-line. Forty thousand spectators were present, and the weather, for once in a way, was perfect

Another incident in the Oxford v. Cambridge no means asleep, on the left. He has just made a Cambridge player has vainly tried to intercept.



Above: The 400-yards relay Oxford v. Cambridge race. E. I. Davis handing over to L. J. Pratt (Cambridge), and G. H. Lang handing over to W. L. Lang (Oxford). Cambridge won this race

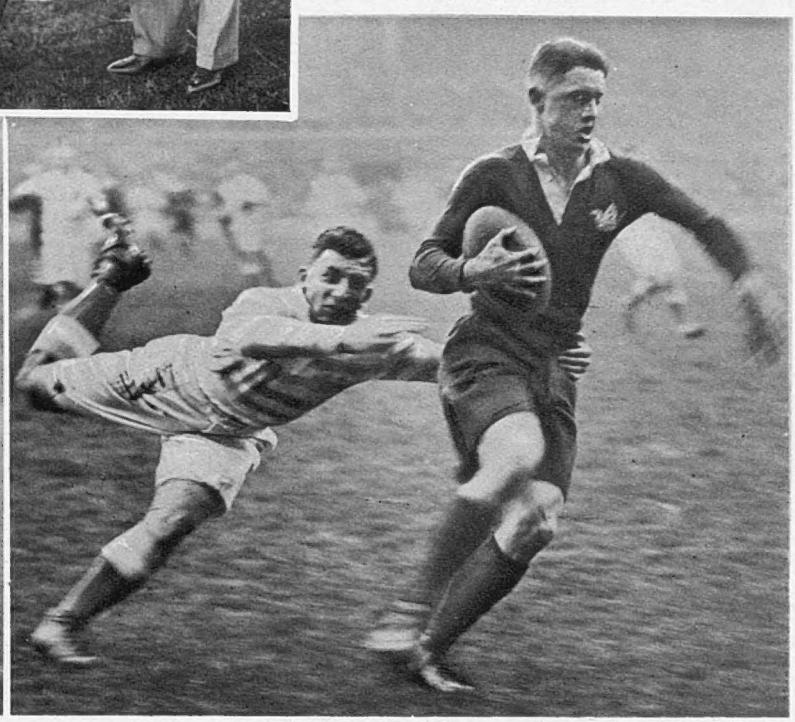
Left: An incident in the "Rugger" match, showing R. E. Prescott (Oxford) picking up during a forward rush

Right: R. M. N. Tisdall and T. Hampson, the famous athletes, watching with interest the 'Varsity relay races at Fenner's

The Cambridge "Soccer" team went into special training, for their match against Oxford, at Westgate-on-Sea. Eight of the eleven are seen above outside the St. Mildred's Hotel. It did them good

J. S. C. Haslewood (Brasenose College), Captain of the Oxford University "Soccer" team which played Cambridge last week. Oxford were unexpectedly beaten by 3 to 1

match at Twickenham, showing G. V. J. Jenkins, recumbent, but by a clever pass to S. L. Waide, the Oxford wing three-quarter flyer, which Waide was very closely marked throughout, as befitted a dangerous wing



Another action picture of the Oxford v. Cambridge match at Twickenham, showing P. C. Minns, the Oxford wing three-quarter, who scored both tries for Oxford, evading a flying tackle by K. C. Fyfe

Miss Hilary Charles

Has a Date With the Camera

Three of the latest portraits of Miss Hilary Charles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Charles, and a most decorative member of the younger set; she has been doing mannequin work lately, and is one of the "regulars" at the places where Mayfair amuses itself from dinner time onwards. Her sister, Miss Pat Charles, is an extremely clever caricaturist, as readers of "The Bystander" know well

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding

A Racing Reverie:

Hyde Park for Racing

By "Regular"

As the fortunate owner of Young Lover, the winner of the Gimcrack Stakes, it fell to Sir Alfred Butt to make the speech of the evening at the Gimcrack Dinner, and right good use did he make of his opportunity to broadcast his views.

His denunciation of the numerous "Tote" Clubs which have sprung up, like mushrooms overnight, during the past few months must secure the support of every one of us—well, everyone save the owners of these private "Totes," who are making a fine old harvest.

There 's no getting away from it, the Totalisator has defeated its own object. By legalising the betting machine it at once became possible for any Tom, Dick or Harry, for the outlay of a few shillings, to purchase a licence and run a "Tote" of his own.

The "Tote," as we all know, cannot lose, while, although it seems a mighty long time since we received one of his cheques, our old friend the bookmaker does, every now and then, have a bad week, and does take a sporting chance.

Whether we bet with the bookmaker or with the "Tote," we poor "mug punters" are bound to lose in the long run, and in order to divert this stream of money from the bookmakers' satchels to a more worthy cause—the great institution of horse-racing—the Totalisator was introduced.

What a ghastly failure it has been! and, with one or two of our antiquated laws knocked on the head, and one or two up-to-date ones put in their place, it might have been the biggest success ever.

In the first place, when legalising the "Tote," a law should have been passed which said, "This is the 'Tote,' the only 'Tote,' all other 'Totes' are bogus and illegal"; and in connection with this "Tote" there should have been offices opened in every town in the country, which accepted bets. All bets away from the course to be handed in an hour before the commencement of racing.

Whenever I have a bet with the "Tote," win or lose, I always feel a trifle virtuous, thinking that the percentage on my bet is going to help pay for some new white paint on the rails of some racecourse, or some other worthy cause; but a bet with a bogus "Tote" is a very different pair of shoes.

Heaven alone knows what happens to that money, but one thing you can bet your life on is that not one penny of it comes back into racing.

When we lose money to a bookmaker (I do not include those firms who do not have a course representative), some proportion of it does come back into racing via the turnstiles, and bookmakers have to pay through the nose for the right to bet these days. I would fifty times sooner lose my stuff to the most parsimonious, pinching penciller that ever laid even money about a 2-1 chance, than give one penny to the owners of a bogus "Tote," to which I have a rooted objection.

Mr. Patrick Seely and Miss Kitty Seely, General Seely's son and daughter, and Mr. Raymond Baring (centre), at the Newbury Meeting

Mrs. Tony Bellville and Mrs. Smith Bingham were also to be seen at the Newbury Meeting

And on the same occasion—the sunny second day of the December Meeting: Mrs. "Boy" Wilson, with Mrs. Patrick

And now, for one moment, I am going to crave your indulgence while I unfold my scheme for the solution of all our difficulties. The humblest of all owners, whose racing stable comprises half a selling plater (obviously, from my trainer's bill, the half it eats with), is going to pretend that he, and not Sir Alfred Butt, is the owner of Young Lover.

My Lords and Gentlemen, at the very gates of our Mayfair Mansions, and within a stone's throw of our naughty night clubs, there lies a Park called Hyde, at present devoted to the courtship of Guardsmen, the result of Mayfair's courtships (to be seen in rows in prams), and to the verbosity of a number of fanatics who are not sufficiently dangerous to be put behind bars. (The word to be interpreted in its grimmest sense.)

I see in this playground of the masses the ideal site for a racecourse. I claim no originality for the idea, and already I see in your faces that expression which can only mean "Preposterous!" There is more to come, though, and be prepared for shocks, because Sunday afternoon is to be the appointed time for the meeting; but, so far from it proving a desecration of the Seventh Day, it will produce the greatest Religious Revival of the century.

"How can this come about?" you say. Because all who can produce a certificate from the verger that they have attended a church service that morning will be admitted half-price. For years our clergy have complained of empty pews: my suggestion will rectify all that.

At this Sunday Race Meeting, no bookmakers will be allowed; not because I have any grievance against them, but because my drastic scheme is devised, not only to save our Totalisator from bankruptcy—and we have proved that it cannot compete with the book—but, in due course, I assert, the percentage will prove a very real asset to our National Revenue and, who knows? may enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to knock a shilling off the Income Tax.

That, my Lords and Gentlemen, is enough for the present. "More than enough," I seem to hear one or two of you saying. You may disapprove of my scheme on sentimental grounds, having yourselves done a bit of "spooning" on summer evenings by the Serpentine, and on moral grounds, disliking the idea of any change in that most attractive of all days, and one which makes such an appeal to foreigners, a London Sunday, but you cannot deny that my scheme would be a financial success.

D

Mr. Robert Bernays, National Liberal M.P. for Bristol, N., and Miss Katherine Tennant two of the guests at the Eighty Club dinner

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

PARLIAMENT creaks along, but the interest of politicians is abroad. The American Note, the Disarmament Conference, the trouble with Persia are vital problems for the nation and the world; the same cannot be said of London's Transport or Doncaster's drainage, doubtless of absorbing interest to the areas concerned, but pettifogging for the whole-time attention of the House of Commons.

THE COMMONS are lacking in a sense of humour, to say the least, to tackle so seriously the reform of the House of Lords, when their own House remains in such disorder. The farcical performance of Mr. Pybus wanting to say something, the House wanting to hear him, and the Standing Orders forbidding him to say anything is only the most recent of innumerable incidents that are making Parliament generally despised. It is not funny, nor even pathetic. It is tragic.

THE LORDS, as it happens, do their business extremely well; they are not given enough to do, but what they do do is done excellently. Time and again they have saved the face (and reputation) of the lower House. Any reform that is made should be in the direction of extending their work; their personnel has automatically sifted itself, and with the example of one elected House before us, are we blind enough to desire to be governed by two?

BUT reform of the Commons is long overdue. Their rules and regulations are as antiquated as the building in which they are expected to work. Parliament to-day, by its own choice, works so cumbrously that the power of Government is passing more and more from its hands into those of Committees or individuals who, originally appointed by Parliament, are absolved from all responsibility to it.

I AM frequently being asked about the Young Members: whether there isn't one among them who shows signs of being something more in the future than of average Cabinet rank; whether there isn't one who is attempting to combine with the practise of politics the proverbial ounce of theory, the mark of a statesman. I wish I could say that there were many young men of whom one had future hopes. I cannot. They do not appear to be in the House. The young men are amiable, presentably admirable; they make pleasant speeches; they do what is required of them. They are, in fact, good average Members. But not one of them shows that divine spark of genius and leadership which, if it is there, cannot be hid.

The Eighty Club Goes Whoopee

Above, top: Lady Bonham Carter and Lord Stanmore, two more Liberal diners at the Eighty Club dinner at the Park Lane Hotel. Below: Mrs. Cyril Asquith and the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, who, it is more than possible, has just enunciated one of his "obiter dicta"

LORD CURZON, from his earliest days, was a man of great destiny; so was Mr. Asquith; so, in a lesser way, was Lord Birkenhead. The giants of to-day are all of the same stature: an age of little men.

I HOPE nothing will deter from a political career Sir Alfred Beit. He has made a splendid start, and it would be a thousand pities if any unconsidered action of others should drive him from Westminster.

I EXPECT two by-elections to result from the New Year's Honours List. One of the constituencies concerned is a "safe" Conservative seat, for which there will be a scramble. But I hear, too, of well-laid plans which will lead to the disappointment of many.

MAJOR WALTER ELLIOT is proving to be, as Minister of Agriculture, as efficient as he is popular. He has already produced an immediate plan for the salvation of the live-stock industry, and that is only an instalment of a complete scheme for the whole of Agriculture. People inside the House, and outside, believe in Major Elliot. There is a feeling of confidence about him, and I believe it to be justified.

HE was at one period of his life, a Fabian Socialist. Diehards say he is too much of one still. It doesn't worry him. He is Scotch, under fifty, witty in speech, and something of a philosopher besides. He dresses untidily, which he can easily correct; and I hope he will. In a poster age, no one in a public position can afford to disregard the appeal of clothes.

MAJOR ELLIOT'S personal following in the House is very largely due to the fact that he is regarded as a man who has risen from the ranks—in the Conservative Party a performance sufficiently rare to be startling. He was at neither Eton nor Harrow; he had little money, no influence. His greatest asset was brains. He was kept in junior posts far too long in the Baldwin administrations, because there were too many above him who had the "first call." The National Government has given him his chance.

ANOTHER man who, for the same reason, gave great satisfaction by his mere presence in an under-secretaryship, was Mr. Herbert Williams. He, however, destroyed his own reputation by needless antagonisms.

THERE is no political entertaining taking place at the present time at all. I know economy is still the key word to our daily lives, but a moderate amount of entertaining is essential if a Party or a Government is to be kept together. Over a dinner-table, men get to know each other and freely express their own points of view, which they will do nowhere else.

ODD supper-parties in restaurants, after the House has risen, are delightful, but valueless. I think the leaders are to blame, for there is no lack of talent among the wives of our rulers. Mrs. Baldwin is a superbly successful hostess; Mrs. Neville Chamberlain and Lady Hailsham have nothing to learn. Mrs. J. C. C. Davidson is the example which the young wives of young M.P.'s should have constantly before them. Only Sir Philip Sassoon lives up to the standard of political social life of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Marion Langdon delights in the attentions of the novelist, Leonard Drummond, to the disgust of Mrs. Cheswick, who has designs upon him, while the suspicious husbands look on

Musical and Matrimonial

Sketches of "A School for Husbands," at the Court Theatre, by Rouson

"A Kiss in Spring"

"A Kiss in Spring," borrowing from *Bohème*, and not disdaining a touch of *Trilby*, is large, expensive and protracted. So protracted that the best thing of the evening—the all-British ballet led by Alicia Markova and Harold Turner—comes too late to save the situation from boredom. The story concerns three penniless Montmartre students; a street singer, tied to a malevolent organ-grinder, who keeps house for them; an artists' model who blossoms into a stage-star in almost a night; and a rich Baron who turns out to be the heroine's long-lost father.

Eileen Moody is the simplest of vocal heroines; Sylvia Welling is the actress who sings better than she acts; Alfred Wellesley is the comic bailiff; and Billy Milton, Eric Bertner and Kenneth Kove work desperately hard in velvet coats to make artistic poverty a subject of romantic gaiety.

"The School for Husbands"

Closed for some two years, the Court Theatre re-opens with our old friend the lady-killing novelist (Harold Huth) who "understands women." Diana (Gillian Lind), married to a middle-aged bore (Frank Cellier) is easy meat; Marion (Heather Thatcher) is too wily—and virtuous—a bird to be caught in the trap of his highly efficient technique. Her nice, but stupid, husband (Cyril Raymond) takes her too much for granted. He must be sent away for the night on a wild-goose chase to Dover and taught a lesson. Diana, whose Morgan is eminently worthy, must be saved from making a fool of herself. And Don Juan must be led just so far up the garden-path as is necessary for the double manœuvre.

The first Act derives humour from the spectacle of two jealous and suspicious husbands calling upon their rival for advice, and meekly accepting the doctrine that flowers and theatre-tickets are the best form of wife insurance.

Frederick Jackson does well to invent sufficient twists and turns to maintain the sting in the cautionary tale for husbands. He keeps Act Two going with one of those intimate tête-à-têtes—dinner by the fire, shaded lights and a tea-gown specially chosen for the occasion.

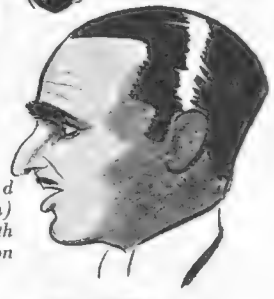
But Marion's objective is not surrender, but reform. The novelist is given three hours in which to prove his powers of seduction. He spends them virtuously in talking about his better self.

Act Three cutely re-shuffles the usual pack of explanations.

An uneven, but entertaining, little comedy. Heather Thatcher's charm, gaiety and humour are invaluable; Cyril Raymond and Frank Cellier make a nice contrast in dull dogs; Gillian Lind is an amusing modern butterfly; and Harold Huth's lady-killer makes up in easy charm what it lacked, on the first night, in audibility. There can be no compromise between the stage voice and the film-studio whisper.—Trinculo.

Below:—Diana, who is in love with Leonard Drummond

Morgan Cheswick (Frank Cellier) is in love with his wife, Diana (Gillian Lind)



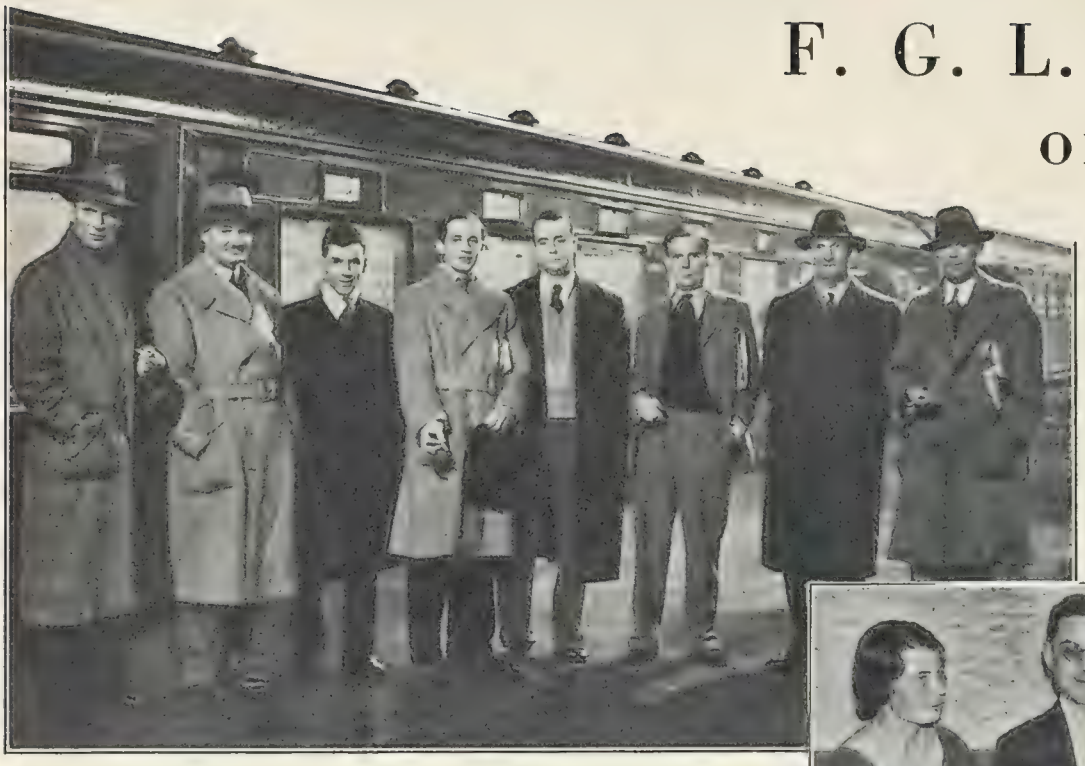
Drummond (Harold Huth) is in love with Marion Langdon

Marion (Heather Thatcher) is in love with her husband, though you might not think it

Unfortunately, Geoffrey Langdon (Cyril Raymond) reciprocates his wife's affection

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

Class Golf in the Out-Season



Off to Birmingham to play a Midlands team, which was beaten by thirteen matches to eight. Eight of the Southern team: A. Compston, General Critchley, A. J. Lacey, Eric Martin-Smith, Lester Hartley, Rex Hartley, Fred Robson, and W. T. Twine

Gen. Critchley's Amateur and Professional Team Off to the Midlands

A Dance at Addington Palace Golf Club

A large number of guests were present at this dance, which everyone enjoyed. Above, at the top, are Miss Kathleen Garnham, Mr. A. W. Gibbs, and Mrs. Garnham. Below are Miss D. J. Bishop, Mrs. Lewis Coker, Major P. J. Phillimore, Mrs. Arden Kirkley, and Captain Lewis Coker

RECENTLY on this page I referred to a match which had been played between Oxford University and a side got up by General Critchley, composed of amateurs and professionals. I said that there was no doubt that these matches, if more of them could be arranged, would be of very great assistance to amateur golf in this country and perhaps also to professional. And a little later on I made this point a little more clear by saying that during the winter months, when there is no competitive golf, much could be done by matches such as that arranged by General Critchley, wherein an amateur has the benefit and pleasure of playing with a professional as his partner or opponent and thus deriving instruction, not merely from the hints which he is likely to receive from time to time during the round, but by the constant spectacle of a master displaying his wares.

GENERAL CRITCHLEY is a firm believer in this theory (surely all my readers will think I have used a very mild word, for it is more than a theory now, and has always been more than a theory in the United States). He desires to provide the professionals of this country with some competitive golf during the winter, and at the same time to give the younger amateurs a chance of playing with them. Satisfying this desire, General Critchley arranged with Mr. Spencer Newey for a match under these conditions between a side representing the South and a side representing the Midlands, and when this match was arranged and General Critchley was sending out his invitations to the professionals whom he wanted to play on his South side, it is a very interesting and significant fact that one very well-known and first-class professional, in accepting his invitation by letter, informed General Critchley that he was going into serious practice in order to do himself full justice. Normally at this time of year our professionals are, from the playing point of view, having an idle time, and are out of practice. No more, I think, need be said. The value of such matches is fully proved by the attitude of this professional, who put into words what all his fellows are feeling and doing. Invitations to these matches, although they are still in their infancy, are already much coveted, which is not surprising.

THE actual result of the match was a win for the South. Singles and foursomes and four-ball matches were played throughout the week-end, and the South won by 13 games to 8 with 3 matches halved—a state of affairs almost entirely due to the professionals of the winning team. But, actually, the results of these matches do not matter very much, except to those concerned in the teams, where friendly rivalry is at its keenest and best. All the members of both sides will truthfully tell you that they have seldom, if ever, enjoyed a match so much, and those who may have lost have quite made up their minds that, if given the opportunity by the two organisers of playing in the return match, which has been provisionally arranged for some date in February on a Southern golf course, they will do their very utmost to reverse their individual result at Little Aston. This means that they will take a little trouble to prepare themselves, that they will not allow themselves to be out of practice by the time that the match comes along—and, in fact, that it is likely that their golf will have improved. What more for the sake of golf generally, both professional and amateur, in this country could General Critchley and Mr. Spencer Newey want?

IN view, therefore, of the comparative unimportance of the result, I do not propose to deal with the individual performances during the match, except to say that throughout the two days' play Compston was at his most devastating. But the golf all round was good, and this is not surprising in view of the superb order in which the Little Aston course was found. The fairways were quite beyond reproach; and if, as compared with one or two of the richest and best of the Southern clubs, the greens cannot be quite so grandly described, yet they were excellent as well. The South team found that the organisation arranged by Mr. Newey and his fellow-members of Little Aston could not have been bettered, not merely for their comfort but also for their happiness, and it is an interesting and significant fact that all the members of the club did their utmost to look after the teams quite impartially, and that all of them came out to watch the match. I will venture to draw a comparison here: I cannot myself (more 's the pity!) see the members of a big London club with such a match arranged over the week-end, doing

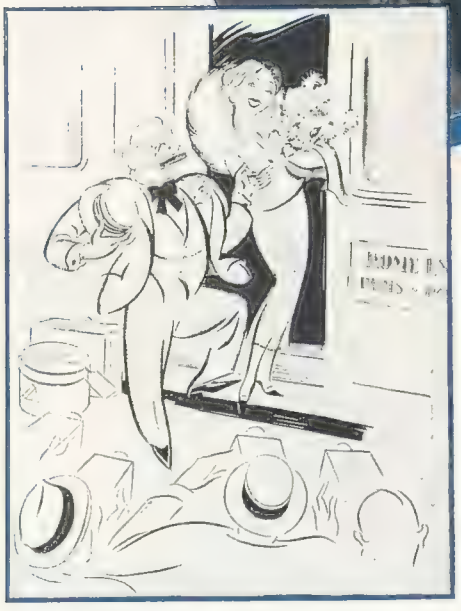
(*Continued on page 528*)

IMPRESSIONS BY H. H. HARRIS

MIDDLESEX GOLF CLUB SECRETARIES

who approach to the definition of the ideal: "Those who give members every opportunity for grumbling — but no cause"

Below: Gordon Harker to Donald Calthrop (plus briefcase): "You'll like this: it's a yell!"



Attento Al Treno

"Rome Express" Arrives

Sketches by Robert Johnson of some big moments at the Tivoli, where "Rome Express" makes its four-times-daily journey across the Continent. It's a quick train, and one worth taking a journey with: the passengers and their doings are guaranteed to keep us guessing all the way

Gordon Harker, Harold Huth, Joan Barry: "Discretion is the better part of wagons-lits"

The film-star (Esther Ralston) is shot at the Gare du Nord—but not fatally

Below: Harold Huth and Joan Barry in a nasty predicament

Crook meets crook: Donald Calthrop and Conrad Veidt

The Passing Picture Show

English Entertainment : American Drama

By Sydney Tremayne

Do you want to be amused? Without intellectual effort or the strain of trying first to hear, secondly to understand, thirdly to memorise American wise-cracks; just to watch a series of well-photographed and assembled scenes, farcical situations, some good chorus dancing and brilliant individual acrobatic dancing; find yourself laughing involuntarily at humour, neither memorable nor quotable, which arises spontaneously from rather ridiculous, not always novel, situations, "put over" by the experience and art of an old stager, and come away feeling pleased with life, humming cheerful, not too difficult or different tunes? Then listen to a voice crying in the wilderness and go to see Stanley Lupino's *Sleepless Nights* at the Regal, Marble Arch.

I CALL it his film because, although it was directed, admirably, by Tom Bentley and Noel Gay wrote the music, and there are other worthy contributors, Stanley Lupino himself devised the story and is the life and soul of the show. It is his brilliant, miraculously timed acrobatic dancing and antics, his spontaneous funniness and unforced acting which give *Sleepless Nights* the movement and verve which never flag from the opening chorus, "I Don't Want To Go To Bed," in which the whole cast and extras are fantastically involved in the René Clair manner, until the final, anticipated bedroom scene.

The photography, the production, and the recording are excellent. *Sleepless Nights* never pretends to be more than an entertaining musical farce, and never ceases to be what it pretends. If there is a flaw it is in the choice of a heroine. Polly Walker has not the polish, the looks, nor the attraction desirable in a star. She acts and sings quite well and conscientiously, but that is not enough. Glamour is lacking and she is too large to play opposite the dapper little Stanley Lupino: the extreme finish and neatness of his method and his dancing make her appear unnecessarily clumsy. Her clothes, too are inexplicably bad. Her pyjama suit emphasises every defect of her physique and, incidentally, every defect of all feminine pyjamas not designed with anatomical knowledge and cut with inspiration.

Stanley Lupino and some of the causes of his insomnia in "Sleepless Nights," the amusing screen musical comedy by Lupino himself, which was shown at the Regal last week

THERE is a minor mystery connected with *Sleepless Nights*. The same week saw the début of *Red Dust*—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in tropical trash at the Empire, *The Hounds of Zaroff*, at the Capitol, with Leslie Banks, and *Tiger Shark*, starring Edward G. Robinson. The six Sunday newspapers I read expended space and enthusiasm on these American products, only two of them mentioned *Sleepless Nights*, and both disposed of it in four lines. In the past, film critics, "not meaning to be rude," have been justified in ignoring British pictures; on the other hand, they have done more harm than good by boosting inferior English productions. Recently, well-organised publicity has secured perfectly justified praise for the output of the new Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush. Why, then, this conspiracy of silence about B.I.P.'s excellent entertainment, *Sleepless Nights*?

Red Dust might have been called, equally appropriately, *Green Water*, *Blue Mist*, or *White Rubber*. It relies entirely on the appeal of Clark Gable, sweating, unshaven, truculently amorous, as usual, and tow-headed Jean Harlow as a harlot with a heart, in coincidental cohabitation with Mary Astor, as a young wife who falls, and the rest of the inevitable white cargo on a rubber plantation in the Malay States. Monsoons, storms, rain, rain, rain. One critic praised the "realism," because there are some shots of a couple of pans of "virgin" rubber . . . the only thing virginal in the film. That is enough of that, isn't it?

Much more worthy of respect is *Tiger Shark*, in which Edward G. Robinson gives an extraordinarily conscientious performance as a boastful, brave, good-hearted Portuguese, "the finest fisherman in the whole Pacific Ocean," whose life is a struggle between his vanity and the fact that he is "not so good with women" and a fatalistic combat with the sharks, who "settle everything." There is the increasingly recurrent theme of friendship between two men: Mike's best friend, played by Richard Arlen, whose life he has saved, loves and is loved by the girl he marries, and his discovery of the fact brings about the climax. The intense part of the wife is played with sincerity, some power, and inevitable inelasticity by Zita Johann, a new star.

There are thrilling fishing scenes and photographs of sharks at feeding time. There is a good deal of brutality, and the worst and most maudlin death scene, as a finale, with which a fine piece of character-acting has ever been brought to a post-climactic finish. But *Tiger Shark* is exciting, well-constructed and well acted.

Melodrama—and Then Some

Leslie Banks, Fay Wray, and Joel McCrea in "The Hounds of Zaroff," in which Leslie Banks plays Zaroff, the wicked, ship-wrecking Russian nobleman who tracks his victims with bloodhounds; this picture was at the Capitol last week

Saturday Sunshine at Newbury

The second day of the December Meeting at Newbury was the best sort of English winter day, and everyone was looking cheerful as a result: above, on the left, are Miss Winifred Rennie, who lives at Newbury, with Miss Alathea Lloyd, and on the right are the Hon. Lorraine Berry and Miss Nan McGowan, Sir Harry McGowan's débutante daughter

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

A CERTAIN husband is very anxious to know who possesses striped sock-suspenders, and if the owner requires the pair returned.

LORD VICTOR PAGET has grown a moustache. I think I like him better without one; but what a good-looking man he is, with or without! Sir John Milbanke is very nice-looking, and so is Lord Scarsdale.

Bassano

Miss Leonora Baring

Is the only daughter of the Hon. Caryl Digby Baring; she came out in 1931, when Lady Loch, her cousin, entertained for her. Her father is Lord Ashburton's youngest brother; her mother was Miss Ivy Firman, daughter of Mr. Humphrey Brooke Firman

LADY CASTLEREAGH carries her head well and high, and Lady Abingdon has a very dignified manner, if a little cold. Her sister, Lady Lorraine, should try and unbend a little when she is receiving people. She is very good-looking, however.

IS a certain very lovely Lady really content with a good-looking Earl, or must one pass the time somehow?

NO, no, Lady Cunard, not so much (or is it so many?) little ostrich feathers.
No, no, Lady Delamere, not a little girl's band and bow on your hair.
No, no, Lady Lavery, not a flower in your hair in imitation of Nancy Beaton.

FOR charm, among recent brides, Lady Jersey stands alone; for piquant attraction, Mrs. Stanley Clarke; and the most lovely bride-to-be is undoubtedly Miss Katherine Horlick. I'm sorry, Whigham fans, but that's my opinion.

WHAT a lot of people seem to be called "Baby" or "Babe"! There is "Babe" Bosdari, who does mannequin-work these days, and "Baby" Jungmann, who is so often at the House of Commons; and, of course, "Babe" Blandford, who is thirty-five.

MRS. RICHARD HERBERT is one of the few people who have an attractive slouch. She is a sister of Betty du Pre, who is engaged to Lord Churston; the latter is a beautiful dancer. Mrs. Herbert has a pointed nose and a new quarter-fringe.

TALKING of hair, Lady Alington has had hers cut a little shorter, which is an improvement. Mrs. Colclough has lost her permanent wave, which is a great improvement; and Lady Warrender's is still the nicest naturally wavy hair in Mayfair.

LORD JERSEY'S fur-lined and fur-collared coat is worthy of a millionaire or a film-star (not the same thing just lately). Lord Poulett and Mr. Ronald Balfour both affect a swinging cape in the evening. Lord Poulett's is lined with red satin. I think "affect" is the right word.

THERE is a lot of talk about the "affaire du cœur" of a tall, very-well-known-indeed, and a shorter, but with a reputation, peer.

WHOSE hat, ospreys and all, is a sure barometer of liquid refreshment taken?

MISS MALA BRAND has a smile which lights up her face. Lady Moira Combe has a with-an-effort-it's-not-very-humorous smile. Mrs. Gar Emmet has a very happy smile. Alice Delysia has a "naughty" smile, and Argentina is all smile.

THERE is a strong scent of a hunting romance between a lovely with a husband who does not think she is, or does not think, and a man with a wonderful seat and a vast knowledge of horses and women, bless 'em!

"WHY don't girls wash their backs?" groaned a Dowager at the Embassy as one of our best-known Mayfairites danced by. "Perhaps they can't reach?" I suggested. "Nonsense!" she snapped. "Look at Delysia's lovely and clean back; and Mrs. Peter Horlick's is perfectly clean."

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM'S engagement ring is worth seeing—a lovely diamond. Miss Betty du Pre's is also a diamond, but much smaller. Miss Whigham's ring for her last engagement was an emerald, which is supposed to be unlucky. "Green and white, forsaken quite," the saying goes.

THINGS that amuse us—
A certain ex-stage-married, who fights like a tiger for commission on everything and anything.
A certain "gentleman's" efforts to be popular.
A back-biting blonde's rudeness to her husband.
And the satisfaction of a beautiful sweetie who has a Marquis in tow.

Parties

For Cocktails
For Dinner
For Birthdays

Below : Mrs. Richard Herbert and Mr. Charles Taylor, who were also at Miss Margaret Whigham's birthday cocktail party

One Party at the Ritz—

Swaebe

Mrs. Lee Guinness, Lady Veronica Hornby, the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, Lady Glenconner, Mrs. Nutcombe Hume, and Captain Percy Lawson-Johnston drinking cocktails at the Ritz in honour of Miss Margaret Whigham's twentieth birthday

Swaebe

Above are two more of Miss Margaret Whigham's guests at the Ritz : Miss Bunting Stephenson and Miss Betty Williams

—And Another at Quaglino's

Above are two photographs taken at Lady Dufferin and Ava's birthday dinner-party at Quaglino's ; at the top are Viscountess Cranbourne and Major A. Foster, and below are Mr. Conrad Russell and Mme. Woenodsky

Left : Lady Warrender at the party for Lady Dufferin and Ava

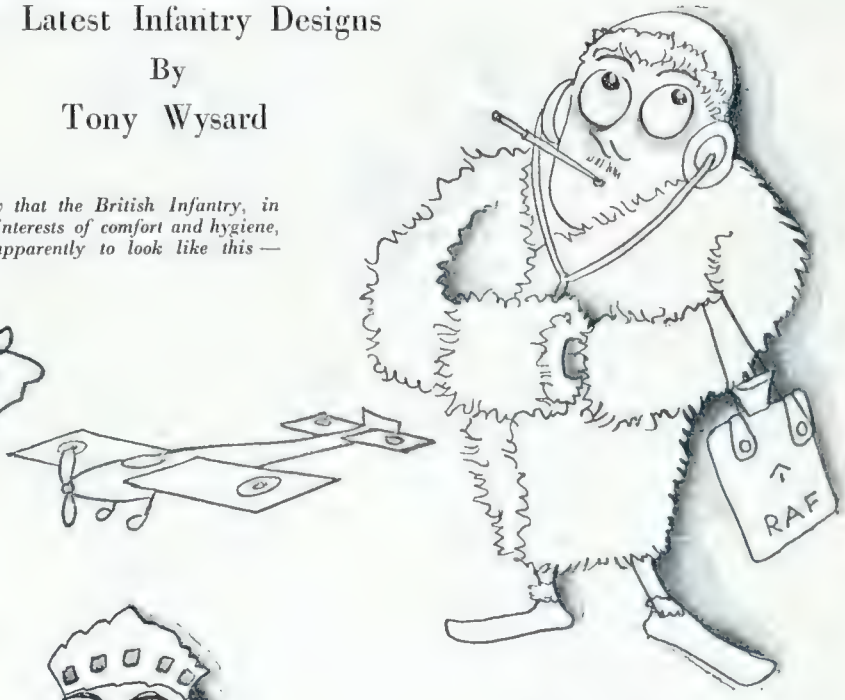
Comfort for the Forces

A Few Suggestions in View of the Latest Infantry Designs

By

Tony Wysard

Now that the British Infantry, in the interests of comfort and hygiene, is apparently to look like this —

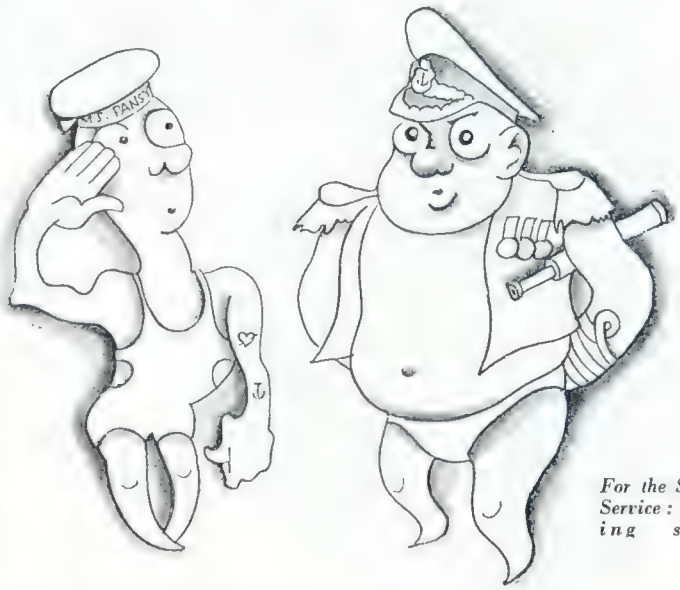


—Why not sable coats and muffs, and even hot-water bottles, for the Air Force?

For the Camel Corps: eau-de-Cologne and sunshades

A "Nippy" design for the Royal Army Service Corps

And for the Cavalry: polo-jumpers, hunting bowlers, and easy-chair saddles



For the Senior Service: bathing suits

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

England's Fine Trial

I AM writing this in a somewhat draughty, but extremely welcome, special train, which is carrying the players in the first English trial match at Sunderland from the scene of their labours. They seem to have enjoyed themselves pretty well, and so did those of us who sat on the touch-line. It was, in fact, a grand game, highly instructive for the Selectors, and most entertaining for the local spectators, who turned up in goodly numbers, despite a bitter wind and more than a threat of rain. The growing enthusiasm in Durham over Rugby football is worth noting, and certainly the enterprise of the Sunderland club and county officials, who spent four hundred pounds in preparing the ground, is worth applauding.

An incident in the Harlequins and Leicester match, at Twickenham, showing a Leicester man forced into touch. Leicester won by 22 points to 13, after the 'Quins led by 13 points to 6 within twelve minutes of time

THE usual trial match, to my mind, is rather a farce, a ragged, inconclusive, patchy sort of affair disorganised by wholesale changes at half-time. This one, however, really did show us a thing or two. There was Kendrew, for example, not only playing a tremendous game in the Possibles' pack, but proving himself an inspired leader. It now becomes rather a nice question whether Kendrew or B. H. Black should lead the English pack in the next Trial, which takes place, by the way, next Saturday, at Torquay.

Black is also a fine leader, but there is just the chance that he might play even better than he is playing just now if he were relieved of the responsibility. At any rate, Kendrew must come into the England front row, that, surely, is certain.

Vallance is a sound player; he and Lewis made a model second row at Sunderland, with admirably flat backs and solid locking. On the whole, the English forwards promise well, though we are one back-row forward short. We have Black in the middle, and Vaughan-Jones on one flank, but who is to fill the remaining place? It may be Weston, though, to my way of thinking, he isn't robust enough; it may be Hodgson, but he was disappointing at Sunderland. There is one obvious candidate—R. E. Prescott, of Oxford, but he is young, and it will do him no harm to wait a year or so.

HAVING thus settled the England scrummage—no doubt entirely erroneously—we come to the outsides, and here it is rather odd to note that the ground at Sunderland, though dry, was so abnormally heavy that the game became somewhat like a slow-motion film. The players seemed to be running at half-speed, and attacking movements developed with deliberate precision. As a matter of fact, this heavy turf did not spoil the game, and one or two of the tries were absolute fizzers. There was, for instance, one copy-book movement, which began with a clean heel by England, an accurate pass by Richards from the scrum, a turn inwards by Elliot, a straight dash by Gerrard, a glorious burst by Aarvold down the touch-line, ending with a hand-off, a swerve, and an inside pass to Vaughan-Jones, who raced over to score. This was beautiful work, and so was Malir's try, the result of a long dribble, or, rather, a series of well-controlled kicks the length of the field.

I LIKE the look of this Malir; he may not be a flier, but he is a good, robust centre, and worth another trial. Fortunately for England, Burland should be fit by the New Year, so that we have him and Gerrard as one obvious pair in the centre. Then Aarvold is clearly the man for the left wing, despite the nimble little Harrison's excellence. Harrison is a pretty player to watch, but he has not Aarvold's strength and dash. For the right wing, I rather fancy Booth, who has plenty of spirit and quite a turn of speed. Thus, with Brown the only possible choice at full-back—we are left to find a pair of half-backs.

AT once we can pick Elliot, for, although I have criticised him mildly hitherto, I am bound to admit that at Sunderland he was uncommonly good. He ran most elusively, and straightened up the attack; he saved his forwards legs by some judicious kicking; he timed his passes well, and sent his centres away in the best constructive manner. He is at least as useful a stand-off half as any I have seen this season, and he entirely overshadowed Slow, who has not developed as much as we hoped he might. Finally the scrum-half, and here we are in a quandary. Richards delayed and lobbed his passes, though he was individually useful; Sime was courageous and hard-working, but by no means outstanding. Sobey is crocked, Gadney is at present unfit, Key is inclined to be erratic, but Pope is playing much better again, and may be thought of, and there are also Dean and Roberts to be considered. This is all rather difficult, but on the assumption that Gadney's trouble is only temporary, may I give you a team to pull to pieces, the team which seems to me at present the likely one for the first match against Wales? No doubt it is full of mistakes, but here goes: Brown; Aarvold, Gerrard, Burland, Booth; Elliot, Gadney; Kendrew, Gregory, Evans, Webb, Vallance, Vaughan-Jones, Black, Hodgson. This would be a useful team, anyway, even if the coming trial matches prove that my prognostication is as incorrect as it is undoubtedly rash.

Army Stalwarts at Richmond

Left: V. J. Pike, one of the Army forwards, and, right, H. H. C. Withers, another of the pack who, playing for the Army, helped to beat Richmond on the Athletic Ground by a goal and a try in the first important match the Army have played this season. The Army will have a good fifteen

If Gossip We Must . . .

Golden Tribute—Maugham's Disappointment—Nevinson's Self-Portrait—A Good Children's Play—Elgar Celebrations—Sir Gervais Rentoul

Lady Harris

The wife of Sir Percy Harris, the well-known Liberal M.P. for Bethnal Green, who has been giving an exhibition of her paintings at the Wertheim Gallery

London decided to pack up its troubles in an old kit-bag—that is to say, a cricket-bag—and to ignore the tribulations of the American Debt in favour of the Test Match.

I do not say that the newspapers were wrong in giving ubiquitous importance to cricket, or that the public were wrong in expecting, and obviously enjoying, it. But the keen observer of our foibles from outside must have been a bit amused over the national attitude. America has just as much reason to consider, as a result of that attitude, that the instalment of millions is not a serious worry to John Bull as she has to argue that, if we continue to spend large sums on armaments, we ought to be able, and even willing, to pay her.

Though the idea that we should be expected to render ourselves defenceless just because we borrowed money to lend to our Allies in the great cause of defending the world against barbarism is a trifle comic.

As I write, it looks as if we shall pay America the instalment, and in gold. I think it would go far towards enlightening the public as to the true position of affairs if that gold were, on its way to the docks, to be trundled round London on open lorries, adorned with placards showing in detail for whom it was intended, and why, and what we have already paid America.

In that case, the good wishes of a great people would follow it across the Atlantic, I do not think.

The somewhat bitter expression on the face of that brilliant person, Mr. Somerset Maugham, is likely to be intensified by the thought that his effort to show another result of Great Britain's quixotic sacrifices in the war has been a failure.

For Services Rendered is a brilliant play, killed by its depressing subject. The author, whose income (the harvest of less tragic pieces) must be huge, will not worry financially. He will just shrug his shoulders and ponder on the fact that the truth, like our glorious company of Allies, never pays.

He certainly did pile on the agony of war debt in the wider sense, until I felt that if a cook in the service of that family had broken her ankle, the war would have been blamed. Yet it is typical of our race that it does not like to be told how much it has done, any more than it likes to be told how much it is being done. I envy "Willie" Maugham the pleasant tranquillity of his South of France villa—bathing-pool, budding novelists, and all. But he deserves every bit of it.

Just as one dons the garments suited to various occasions and avoids wearing plus-fours at Ascot, so is it now the craze to fit one's accent to one's surroundings.

The more ardent supporters of the Camargo Society now fit their accent to terpsichorial needs and come all over Russian.

The other Sunday night, at the Adelphi, I came across a youth whom I know to be English, without a spoonful of any other sort of blood in his veins, who has never been to Russia and doesn't want to go, not only talking English with a Russian accent, but actually pretending to know very little English at all.

Entertainment à la Russe

A scene from the Chauve-Souris, which will celebrate its 25th anniversary in London when this Russian entertainment will open at the Cambridge Theatre on New Year's Eve

Pictured

The Viscountess Rothermere in the Bois beside her Paris Salon. Two young passengers may be observed on

particularly for one who, for some mysterious reason, has always been considered hardly a persona grata with officialism and the academics.

This picture was, I believe, painted originally on the advice of Horace de Vere Cole, whose special business in life seemed to be discoursing at the Café Royal and practical joking on a large and very clever scale.

It came into the possession of the artist's mother, and on her death it was offered to the National Portrait Gallery, for which, however, it was not eligible on account of the fact that Nevinson is not dead.

He did not feel disposed to commit suicide in order to fall in with this condition. Even if he had done so, it would not have had an immediate effect, since, for a picture to qualify for the N.P.G., the painter must have been dead for at least ten years.

The portrait should be quite happy down Millbank way, where it will be in equally good company.

Below, top: H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught and Sir Russell Wilkinson, K.C.V.O. Below, middle: Sir William Goode, K.B.E., and Lady Heath. Below, bottom: Miss Morgan, Mme. Litvoka, Lady Wilkinson, and Sir Herbert Morgan

The Chelsea Arts Ball

This yearly revel, which is held at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, is famous for the variety of costumes worn by the guests. Above is Sunday Wilshin, the well-known actress, in the striking head-dress she will wear on that occasion

in Paris

new Mercédès-Benz 1933 model from the the running-board. They prefer exercise that way

The stalls on this occasion cost no less than £3 6s. 8d. apiece—a price for which a solicitor's letter can be despatched, with £3 in pocket. Sir Edwin Lutyens, whose daughter had written the music of one of the ballets, and has probably heard *Petroucka* was in those most expensive seats, and so was C. B. Cochran, who, since he is the lessee of the theatre, may have found the brace allotted to him worked out a trifle cheaper.

C. W. Nevinson informs me, with legitimate pride, that his self-portrait has just been accepted by the Tate Gallery. That, of course, is no small honour,

Guests at the Savage Club Birthday Party at the Savoy

By John Reynolds

"Now, Mrs. Van Hoppington, let us, for the sake of illustration, assume you are the body"

So large is the spate of children's plays to be revived during the approaching holiday season, that I marvel that the best of them all (no, I have not forgotten *Peter Pan*, as indefatigably whimsical as ever) has not been seen for a very long time. I refer to *Pinkie and the Fairies*.

That first night at His Majesty's occurred a good many years ago, when Ellen Terry and Edward Terry were in the cast, and the Queen of the Fairies, very much "in her royal capacitee," was a diminutive person, by name Elise Craven.

But the play does not age. Nor does its brilliant composer, Frederick Norton, who put into it some of his best work and, a few years later, won still more fame with his music for *Chu Chin Chow*.

Casting should present no difficulties. It would be easy to find a Pinkie. And there is no lack of fairies.

Edna Squire-Brown, the oriental and acrobatic dancer, who, in addition to taking an all-England championship for classical dancing, created a sensation with her snake-dance at the Coliseum some time ago. She is also seen on the right in a somewhat more pensive mood

ODES OF ENVY

No. 2.—The Portrait Painter

IF some drab Duchess came to me,
Her cheque-book in her fist,
And said, "I'll pay you lots of cash
If only you will have a dash
At painting me with fire and pash,"
I'd have to say, "Desist!
The spirit's willing from the start,
But I, alas! am lost to Art."

That's why I envy very much
The clever lad who can,
With all aplomb, reply, "O.K.,"
Take up his brush and, right away,
Spend four or five hours ev'ry day
With some old harridan
Who'll pay a lot of cash to see
Herself as she would like to be.

Your Portrait Painter must enjoy
A life that's really great.
Within his handsome studio
He rakes in wads and wads of "dough"
From all those people who will show
That they appreciate
The fact that wrinkles, lines, and such,
Can vanish 'neath the artist's touch.

Were I to dedicate an ode
To Lady Dot-and-Dash,
I'm sure she would not offer me
A cheque for lots of £ s. d.—
She'd merely grunt, "It's plain to see
His eyes are on my cash!"
But if I painted portraits—ah!
Why, then I'd run a Rolls-Royce car! *B. W.*

The Elgar Celebration concerts have been an overwhelming success. Sir Edward's appearances on the non-revolving stage of the Queen's Hall were the signal for cheering and handkerchief-waving such as even a prima donna or an infant prodigy might envy.

Dressed immaculately, dignified, and extraordinarily handsome, the great composer does not look his seventy-five years, any more than he looks a great composer.

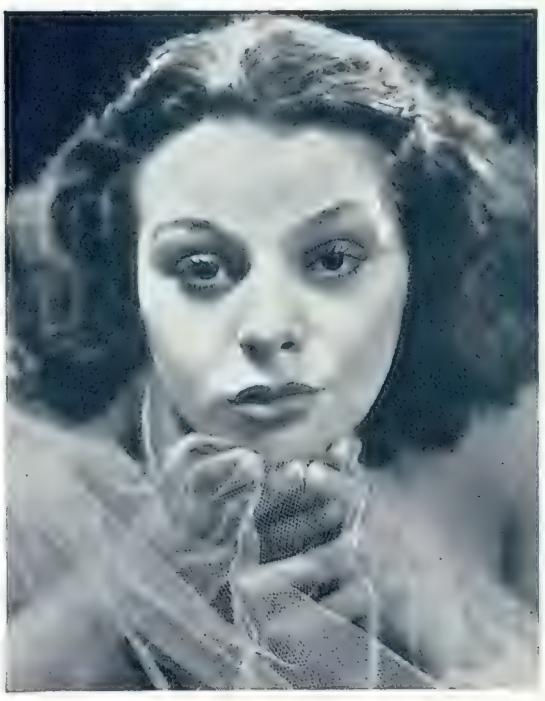
I was interested to notice that in the audience at these concerts have been almost as many Roman Catholic priests as one sees at race-meetings. Some authority once declared that Elgar's music "reeks of incense." That doesn't happen to be true; but I do not see that it would be any the worse if it did.

Sir Gervais Rentoul, who has been defeated after offering himself as Chairman of the Conservative Private Members' (1922) Committee, a post which he had occupied for ten years, can now say "There is a world elsewhere."

If he does, he can be relied upon to say it with true Shakespearean elocution. For I remember him as an excellent actor in his Oxford days, putting up a fine performance with the O.U.D.S. in *Measure for Measure* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, when the shrew he tamed was the lovely Lily Brayton. Had Gervais Rentoul chosen the stage instead of the Bar, he would have been equally successful.

I think that, like Coriolanus, he has been treated rather shabbily by those for whom he has done a great deal. The group of Conservatives he led preached economy good and hard and won plenty of kudos by preaching it. When it came to committing themselves to economy in practice, they lost their nerve and threw him over, after, of course, a polite vote of thanks.

Politics can often be like that. But in the case of Sir Gervais it is not likely to be "a long farewell to all my greatness."



Photographs by Sasha

Edna Squire-Brown

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Introducing

Sally and James:

A Cairn and a Kitten

Society
Pleas

Right:

The Hon. Angela Greenwood

The Hon. Angela Greenwood, who was twenty this year, is the eldest of Lord and Lady Greenwood's children; she has two brothers, and a younger sister. Her father, who was even better known as Sir Hamar Greenwood, was in the House of Commons for over twenty-three years

Photos Edmund Harrington

Miss Elizabeth S

Miss Elizabeth Maughan and Mrs. William Somers attractive person. Her fa and dramatist; he has Ferrat. Mrs. Maugham of last summer at Le To amusing parties at the

Left:

Mrs. Robin

A beautifully posed ph d'Erlanger, who is the Farquharson of Inverc daughter, Zoë, to whom sh named after Mrs. d'Erla daughter of the late

Looks
sant Please

Bertram Park

omerset Maugham

is the only child of Mr. et Maugham, and is a most ather is the famous author a lovely villa out at Cap and her daughter spent part ver, and gave some very illa which they had there

d'Erlanger

otograph of Mrs. Robin eldest daughter of Colonel uld. She has a small he is very devoted ; she was nger's mother, who was a Sir Richard Musgrave

The Lady Mary Lygon

Lady Mary Lygon is the third of the Lygon sisters, who all run each other very close as regards good looks and popularity. Lady Mary Lygon, who is twenty-two, divides her time pretty evenly between London and Madresfield, her Worcestershire home, except, perhaps, during the hunting season, when the country is more likely to win

Left:

Miss Jean Crichton

Another attractive ex-deb is Miss Jean Crichton, who came out two years ago. She is the only daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Crichton, and is a first cousin of the Earl of Erne

PERSONALITIES IN PLASTICINE

No. 6 : Brig-General A. C. Critchley

Modelled and Designed by Zec

BRIG — GENERAL A.C.CRITCHLEY

Lt.-Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton (Household Brigade) and Capt. A. C. Gore (Rifle Brigade)

Above, right: Capt. H. B. Norcott (Rifle Brigade) played Lord Suffield (Household Brigade)

Brigades in Battle

The Household Brigade meet the Rifle Brigade at Worplesdon

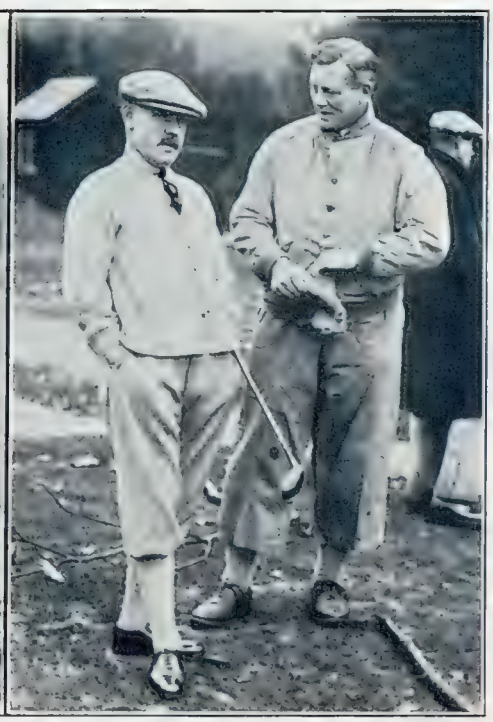
Capt. G. Stevens (Rifle Brigade) and Major R. S. Lambert (Household Brigade)

Left: Capt. F. O. Cave (Rifle Brigade) and Capt. C. E. Maturin-Baird (Household Brigade)

Below: Major Sir Geoffrey Palmer (Household Brigade) and Capt. G. F. Earle (Rifle Brigade)

Below: Capt. G. F. R. Hirst (Household Brigade) and Captain C. Norbury (Rifle Brigade)

Below, right: Capt. E. R. Fryer (Household Brig.) and Capt. H. G. Tudor-Owen (Rifle Brigade)



The Asymmetrical Shoulder Line

A BLACK wool georgette Agnès model from Woollands has a diamanté embroidered flounce on one shoulder and merely a narrow strap on the other, while a Peggy Morris model in white and royal blue ties in a knot on one shoulder only. Photograph by Scaioni

Christmas Gifts

1. This lady's weight crop is covered with kangaroo hide and has a solid silver mount. From George Parker, price 30/-

2. An Earlywarm blanket is extra fleecy and exceptionally light. In various colours, single bed size, price 18/9

3. Royal Vat Whisky is a Christmas present every man will be sure to appreciate. It comes from Hedges and Butler, price 12/6

4. A standard lamp of an attractive modern design is made in oxydised silver and comes from Edison and Swan. It costs 18/9

5. The Phyllis Earle preparations (white bottles with cameos on them) include a delicious lemon cleansing cream, 1/6

6. The glass ruler shown on the right of the page is also a calendar. A clever gift from Harvey Nichols, the price is 4/6

7. Extremely smart are these novel twin earrings from Ciro Pearls Ltd., each composed of one black and one white pearl

1. These clever folding spectacles, made by Hamblin, fit into an exquisite lacquered case. From £3 10 0

2. Grant's Stand Fast Scotch Whisky is a brand much to be recommended to the connoisseur. Price 12/6

3. John Dew's Milk Soap is used by those whose complexions are exceptionally fine and delicate. 1/- a tablet

4. A thoroughly reliable wrist-watch in stainless steel has a lizard strap. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, £5

5. Dent's Tally-Ho gloves for hunting are hand-knitted and can be obtained from Moss Brothers for 5/-

6. From Hanan's comes a pair of Ever-dry wet-weather boots with a rustless fastener, in brown or black, 16/6

7. Attractive brooches in the shape of different animals are made by the Royal Worcester Co. and cost 4/- each

8. A necklet composed of scarlet wool loops, makes an unusual present. From Jaeger, price one guinea

1. Heidsieck Champagne is one of the most delightful necessities of a really gay Christmas

2. The Golden Tap water-softener comes from Drake and Gorham, is simple to instal, and costs £7 0 0

3. The decorative box of Carreras cigarettes shown in its Christmas packing contains 100 cigarettes. Price 7/6

4. This pretty sandal-mule, which is made in black, pink or other colours, comes from Abbotts, and costs 12/9

5. Highland Queen whisky is a welcome guest in any house during the festive season. Price 12/6

6. If one wishes to spend wisely, buy British, and give pleasure, a Bassett-Lowke model ship is the answer

7. A box of Kunzle's well-known chocolates in a decorative box can be obtained for 5/-

1. Buchanan's Black and White Liqueur Whisky is packed in Christmas boxes containing 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles

2. An ash-tray made of opalescent glass which resembles jade measures five inches across. From Hampton's, 2/6

3. A good vermouth is necessary for a good cocktail and Fontorice vermouth is the best that can be bought

4. The deliciously ridiculous camel is made of spotted and coloured chintzes. From Fortnum and Mason, 15/6

5. Every fastidious woman should keep a bottle of Scrubb's perfumed ammonia in her bathroom. Price 1/-

6. After a good Christmas dinner a glass of Cointreau liqueur is the perfect finale; also excellent for cocktails

7. The Pentecrême machine can convert ½ pint of milk and ½ lb. of butter into one pint of cream. Price £3 13 6

8. From Tom Hill comes an excellent hunting companion made of pig-skin, containing boot-hooks, etc. Price 30/-

A Varied Selection

1. Martell's excellent liqueur brandy is a necessary item in the Christmas shopping list

2. A coffret containing a selection of Yardley's toilet preparations is a welcome gift, 9/3

3. The small bed-tray at the top, in various woods and colours, from 30/-. Foot's

4. Drambuie Liqueur is the only first-class all-British liqueur, and is absolutely delicious

5. An unusually reliable whisky, which pleases all tastes, is the King George IV. brand

6. The two little bears of Copenhagen china will win anyone's heart. £1 17 6 or £1 4 0

7. Bag in black, brown or navy leather has an attractive gilt fastener. Hanan's, £1 0 0

8. The mule in spotted cretonne trimmed feathers—in several colours. Dolcis, 5/11

At the End of the Flying Season: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Aeronautical Occasions

THE Royal Aero Club has had two House Dinners within a week, the first being addressed by Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, who explained why the daily Press still gave more space to stunts and crashes than to the steady progress of safe flying; and the second an occasion of the year, when Lord Wakefield was the guest instead of the host, and Lord Londonderry unveiled a portrait of the patron of British aviation which had been painted specially for the Club. One of the last of the outdoor functions, the Kidnapping Party at Hanworth, was such a success that it is certain to be repeated when we get a spell of settled weather. Flight-Lt. R. E. H. Allen was the bold, bad pirate, and Miss Sallee Mealing, who is a cousin of Major R. H. Mealing, of the Air Ministry, found herself cast for the rôle of kidnappee. After being captured on the Club lawn, she was thrown over a fence, bundled into a Desoutter, flown to some dark spot and then smuggled back to the Clubhouse, there to be rescued by a large crowd when the clues had been solved. The pirate's lair was actually discovered first by two ladies, Mrs. Cathcart Jones and Miss Dodo Watts. The London Aeroplane Club has its dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel tonight, which is also the venue for the College of Aeronautical Engineering function on December 16th. On that night as well, 70 Squadron holds its Reunion Dinner at the R.A.F. Club.

Wing-Commander G. H. Bowman, D.S.O., one of the best-known and most popular senior officers of the Royal Air Force, with Mrs. Bowman, after their marriage last week at Tewin Church, near Welwyn, Herts. Wing-Commander Bowman has seen much service in the East, and is now in command of experimental flying at Farnborough

Christmas Presents

IF you are buying a present for someone who flies, there is an infinite variety of useful things from which to choose. For the pilot of an open machine, goggles from Meyrowitz, a helmet, scarf or fur-lined gloves from any of the Stores, whilst flying maps from the "A.A." or Stanford's are used by everyone. At Heston, Hanworth and Brooklands all these things, and many gadgets too numerous to detail, are stocked in the Clubhouse. Of the books I have reviewed on this page during the season there are examples to suit most tastes. The *Air Annual*, for the student or the business man; *Northern Lights*, by E. Spencer Chapman, a tale of Arctic adventure in search of the Greenland air route; *Cape Town to Clyde*, which is Mr. and Mrs. Humble's story of an easy way to see the world; *A Rabbit in the Air*, being David Garnett's fascinating account of how he learnt to fly, and now *Orient Air Express*, by Paul Morand, and *Night Flight*, by Antoine de Saint-Exupery. The last two are just out; that by Paul Morand, a Cassell's publication, has two chapters devoted to a vivid description of a flight from Paris to Bucharest in search of a kilo of caviare. The remainder of this long-short story tells why Prince Dimitri had such an urge for caviare and what happened to him on the frontier when Russia called. *Night Flight* is a dramatic tale of the South American air mail. The fact that parachutes might have saved the lives of the crew does not detract from the value of the book as literature; it is possibly the first drama with civil flying as the main theme which deserves that title.

A pilot studying the Track Chart at Heston. This device, which has been installed by the Automobile Association, gives magnetic bearings to the principal British aerodromes There is an "A.A." weather broadcasting station also situated at Heston, which is the private pilot's Airport for foreign travel

Model Aeroplanes

MODELS are of two kinds: those fashioned by craftsmen in metal which adorn sideboards, clubrooms and offices—mementoes of some famous flight or just the replica of an old friend; the other variety is designed to fly and has a history as old as aviation itself. The Model Aeroplane Club has hundreds of members, mostly men who make a hobby of constructing miniature aeroplanes that will perform all the stunts of their full-sized prototypes. For the children there are amazing models sold under the name of Frog, Lines Brothers, of Merton, being the sole concessionaires. Like no others of their kind that I have seen, these are to scale, correct in every detail, simple to work and crash-proof even after the most devastating air combat. The Intercepter Fighter, the first to be built, takes off after a run of a few feet, flies a hundred yards at a speed of 650 feet a minute, and weighs no more than half an ounce.

In the Air at Home and Abroad

THE experiment at Heston of reducing flying charges very considerably during the winter is proving successful, many former pupils having returned for advanced instruction as well as quite a number of newcomers who have arrived for their initiation. Continental arrivals and departures show the variety of machines and owners who travel by the air way. A Hawker Hart from Paris; the Marquis de Chateaubrun, from Paris in his Moth; Mr. Ahrlers, by Moth to Antwerp; Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, by Puss Moth to Paris; Mrs. Fairlie, in her Klemm, from Berck; a Dutch "Pander," two Caudrons, and a Farman during one afternoon from the other side, and Captain Rodriguez by Autogiro to Madrid, are recent selections from Airport Log. Mr. Geoffrey Ambler has placed an order with Brian Lewis for a Monospar, which was the only British civil machine exhibited in Paris. The D.H. 84 is a success, the first one having gone to Martlesham for tests, after which it will be delivered to Hillman Airways. With a personality of its own, it will cease to be known by number, so please refer to Dragon Moth in future. The Dawn Patrol has been revived at Brooklands, Mr. Opie arriving at seven o'clock every morning for his lesson. Mr. Lowdell, chief instructor of the School, has arrived back from his flying honeymoon, and is busy again with a large batch of new pupils.

DEWAR'S – the best Christmas Box of all!

"It has just arrived — the DEWAR'S!"

Photographs: George F. Cannons

Fluffy and Severe

Contrasts in Film Coiffures

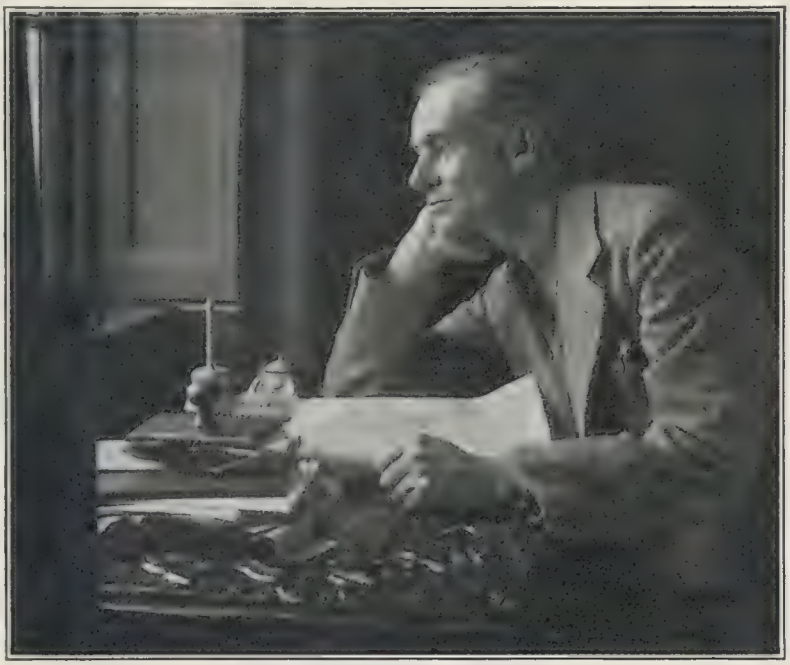
Above: Loretta Young—the fluffy one—started her film career at the age of five. She is a Warner star and was in "The Way of Life," which ran at the Plaza not long ago. Her new film, "Working Wives" is due here shortly; and she is also in "Employees' Entrance," in which Alice White is making her come-back

Right: A picture of Dolores del Rio not looking at all like she did in "Bird of Paradise," her last big film. It ran at the New Gallery for a week, but deserved more attention than it got. Dolores' acting as Luana, a South Sea Islands girl, was extremely good, and the tropical, scenes and setting of the film very lovely, without being over-emphasised in any way

Books of the Week

Sylvia Pankhurst: By "Ericus"

THE name of Pankhurst will go down to history in association with "Suffragettes" "Hunger Strikes" and "Votes for Women," that slogan of pre-war days which assumed such national importance that it almost ousted the mother-in-law motif from the patter of the contemporary comedian. We may, however, be pardoned for forgetting, with the passing of the years, the dissensions that ultimately rent the Pankhurst family. *The Home Front*, by Sylvia Pankhurst (Hutchinson; 18*s.*), commences with the year 1914, by which time the rupture was, of course, complete. But, whatever the previous bone of contention between the two parties, the war brought yet another divergence of opinion. For Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and her friends were "whole-hogging" pacifists, while the majority of the Women's Suffrage Party adopted the more normal point of view that, since war had to be faced, their first duty was to assist in the prosecution of it.



Mr. E. V. Knox, who has lately become Editor of "Punch," in succession to Sir Owen Seaman, has been one of the best-known contributors to our cheery contemporary for many years, under the pseudonym "Evoe." Mr. Knox's father, Dr. Knox, was a former Bishop of Birmingham

UNFORTUNATELY, Miss Pankhurst's violent attitude towards these and others holding different views from her own, detracts somewhat from the political value of this "Story of my life and time during the war years, 1914, 1915, 1916." The unlucky Governments of the period under review form, of course, a regular target for her contumely. So much so that, as I read on, I found myself constantly wondering which stick would be her next choice for their chastisement. One rather gathers the impression, in fact, that even in Utopia Miss Pankhurst would probably "start something"! Nearly all the public figures of the day come under the ban of her displeasure, and she is quite merciless in her judgments. Unhappily, a policy of wholesale abuse is apt to carry inconsistency in its train. If I may refer to only one example of this, Miss Pankhurst deplores the lack of foresight responsible for rejecting the German peace proposals of December 12, 1916, and then, in a detailed foot-note, stigmatises the proposals as being unreasonable.

THERE are, however, two sides to Miss Pankhurst's book. The political side I have dealt with, I hope not too harshly. But when one turns to Miss Pankhurst's work in the East End on behalf of its unfortunate women, criticism at once gives way to wholehearted admiration. Her campaign of charity was both universal in its comprehension and supremely practical. It is astonishing that, despite the lack of funds and expert assistance, she dealt so successfully with each succeeding crisis as it arose in the lives of the people she was out to help. To mention but a few examples of her abounding energy and organising ability, she established a milk depôt to meet the demands of the children, a restaurant at ridiculously low prices when food was horribly scarce, and a toy-shop to give employment to women whose only subsistence was the meagre relief or separation allowance of the period. The sceptical may cavil that philanthropy and political propaganda frequently walk hand in hand. But he would be hard indeed who, having read this book, would level such an implication against its author.

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU has plumped frankly and unashamedly for melodrama in his new novel, *The Lonely Man: A Romance of Love and the Secret Service* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). His theme, however, is not quite so conventional as his sub-title would suggest. Marcus Orlando, disappointed in his first two matrimonial essays, decides to forswear woman and devote himself to his career in the Secret Service. But, before he can be said to have even started counting his chickens, a third young lady crosses his path, and their mutual problem, with its background of political intrigue in modern Turkey, affords Mr. Frankau fine scope for his powers of vivid narrative and skilful characterisation. I will not spoil his story by any further description, but must confirm the discerning reader in his suspicion that there is a third wife in the offing. So that the "Lonely Man" didn't do so badly, after all!

ONE rarely meets in the pages of a novel so original and refreshing a heroine as the young woman whose story is told in *Tory Blaize*, by Kate Mary Bruce (Hurst and Blackett; 7*s.* 6*d.*). For Tory combines the old-fashioned virtues of tolerance and unselfishness with all the pleasanter attributes of the damsel of to-day. One feels, consequently, an almost paternal sympathy for her in her affaire with the ineffable Julius, and a corresponding relief when she ultimately returns to her "respectable archangel" of a husband. Miss Bruce's style is perhaps a trifle immature, but she has a lively wit and a happy knack of summing up a character or a situation in a few lines. To give, as an example, a random quotation: "Percy Puddifoot never addressed Jews if he could avoid doing so, because he was always afraid he would forget and tell them a Jew-story. They found a table next to Tubbs, who, seated between a duchess and a princess, looked defiant and truculent, like a drunk between two policemen."

"COLONEL PLUCKETT," by Alan Sullivan (Ward Lock; 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a farcical fragment in the Wodehouse tradition. The story has a Sicilian setting and is concerned with the entanglements of a retired warrior, an American matron, possessor of a stupendous chicken-farm and amorous tendencies, a modern Miss, fleeing from her engagement to the above mentioned warrior, and a modern youth, in whose grateful arms she ultimately lands. In the sorting-out process there is a wealth of diverting incident, while the characters, one and all, attain an ease and fluency of prevarication, that would do eternal credit to the Irish clergyman of Mr. George A. Birmingham.

MR. L'ESTRANGE FAWCETT presumably did not intend his *Writing For the Films* (Pitman; 3*s.* 6*d.*) as a text-book for the aspiring novice. But he does write entertainingly and instructively of the author's share in the film industry and of the innumerable difficulties with which he has to cope. He decries the present lamentable system of story-selection and treatment, and recommends authors to take the trouble to perfect themselves in the technique of the cinema and then to insist on their stories being produced as written. His criticism of film executives reminds me of a remark that was responsible for its author's hurried departure from Hollywood. The remark was, "An executive is a man who knows what he wants, but can't spell it."

A New Competition for the

"BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY

A Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

By kind Invitation of the Committee of the Felixstowe Golf Club, and in conjunction with the

London and North Eastern Railway Co.

An Open Amateur Tournament, under handicap, for THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy, and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE, on MARCH 18th and 19th, 1933

• CONDITIONS

PLAY will be for THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy, and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 18. Those who return cards will qualify for one section or another, according to their net scores, as the entire entry will be divided into sections of eight players. The best eight returns will form the Trophy Eight and will compete for the Trophy itself by match play under handicap, beginning on Saturday afternoon; the Semi-Finals and Final to be decided on the Sunday. The next best eight returns will form another section, and so on. Ties for the last place in any eight will be decided on the first nine holes; if there is still a tie, the tenth hole shall decide, and, failing that, the eleventh, twelfth, etc. It will be seen, therefore, that every competitor who returns a card, no matter how bad, will qualify for the match-play stages of some section or other, and will at least have a full day on the Saturday. Furthermore, half the original entry must still be engaged on the Sunday.

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Golf Clubs' Association

The 12th tee at Felixstowe

• SPECIAL TERMS AT THE FELIX HOTEL.

First-Class combined Rail and Hotel Week-End Tickets (Friday to Monday) from London (Liverpool Street) will be available for £4 4s. This sum includes:

First-Class return Railway Journey.
Dinner on train or at Hotel on Friday.
Full board at Hotel on Saturday and Sunday, with alternative of Lunch at the Golf Club (by coupon from the Hotel).
Breakfast at Hotel or on Train on Monday morning.
Green fees.
Free conveyance of luggage between Station and Hotel.

These tickets are obtainable at all Travel Offices and L.N.E.R. Stations.

In the case of Competitors not travelling from London on the combined ticket, the Green Fees are 2s. 6d. a day.

ENTRIES

Entries can be received from now onwards by post, addressed to: The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There is no entry form, but please give your name and address, and enclose a handicap certificate signed by the Secretary of the Club which gives you your lowest handicap.

"The Bystander" reserves the right to refuse any entry.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"Steel Shaft" writes to Three National Champions

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I AM more than ever glad that we managed to get "Steel Shaft" to write these Open Letters for us. Not that I wouldn't dearly like some space myself this week to discuss such things as International Trophies, Tour to Australia, retention of championship qualifying rounds, and what-not, which came up at the last meeting of the L.G.U. Executive. But it really does appear that criticism, even of the hot-and-strong type "Steel Shaft" is dealing out, is wanted—if only because some people seem to wince rather at it—which is a sure sign, don't you think? that it is wholesome.

The golf world is so largely fed on—I won't say flattery, but kind things. I do it myself. I would far rather find somebody's good shot to write about than a bad one, something to say in praise rather than blame, and soft words as an unchanging diet are perhaps good for nobody. If the women golfers cannot stand criticism, isn't it the surest proof that they need it? Lady Denman was right: we have had too little of it. At all events, "Steel Shaft" is doing her bit, and here is a counter-thrust from Miss Rhona Rabbidge, who, as ex-champion of Middlesex and a 1931 English international, must, of course, be listened to.

DEAR "STEEL SHAFT"—

FROM your letter in THE BYSTANDER of November 30th, it rather appears that you might be an official of the Ladies' Golf Union; or some connection with that body. If you are proposing to continue your criticisms of women golfers, will you come out into the open, and write under your own name? Then the golfing world can decide if you are a proper person for the post; or whether the young lady so unkindly criticised in public has only rubbed you up the wrong way (which is only your personal affair). Surely this sort of thing can do *no good*, and what a pity the golfing season ever ends, if the space given to its news is then used for letters of this kind.

Is it very good sport to earn money at the expense of other people's feelings?

I am, Yours sincerely, RHONA RABBIDGE.

BY way of contrast, somebody else writes, "May I say how I enjoyed and chortled over 'Steel Shaft's' splendid letter in THE BYSTANDER (of November 23rd)? Our curiosity is indeed aroused, and I—amongst many others at the ——— Golf Club—am looking forward to the next. I should also imagine that a few of the lions are feeling rather nervous."

Well, well, and there we are! Having induced "Steel Shaft" to write only under the seal of secrecy, I am afraid I cannot satisfy anybody's curiosity on any point. You and I are satisfied, aren't we? that she is a "proper person," and at that we must leave it. On this page is her letter for this week.

HAVING watched Miss Rieben win her Welsh title this spring, aged eighteen, I do feel it really was a very big achievement. Of course, I know Miss May Hezlet and Miss Rhona Adair won their Open Championships with pigtails down their backs, or, at least, so the legend goes on which I have always been brought up, for in their heyday I hardly aspired to a pigtail myself, let alone a really intelligent interest in who was winning championships or what their age. But the point of the story is that the competition against those young golfers was nothing compared to the sort of standard that young golfers have to battle with nowadays. The golf Miss Rieben played in the Welsh Championship would have taken some stopping in an Open; particularly good were her long brassie shots up to the hole. Against the fiercer competition one must, of course, weigh the fact that girls are much better taught nowadays, have more chances of playing competition golf, and are generally studied and encouraged in a way which did not fall to the lot of the past generation. All the same, I feel the modern girl golfer must work harder for a championship than those who won thirty years ago.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Steel Shaft's" Open Letters No. 4

MY DEAR MRS. HOLM, MISS LATCHFORD AND MISS RIEBEN,

I'M not sure that Mrs. Holm oughtn't to have this letter all to herself, seeing that she 's won the Scottish Championship twice, and you, Miss Latchford and Miss Rieben, have only won the Irish and the Welsh once each, but you 're both of you quite young enough to go on winning them again and again, and so, for that matter, is Mrs. Holm the Scottish. Let 's get Mrs. Holm out of the way first.

Mrs. Holm

You 're a good player, a very good player, but I wish you 'd get rid of that habit of falling back off the ball at the finish of a wooden club shot. It must be a new trick, for when you won your Scottish at Turnberry, I was told your style was very nearly perfect. So it was a horrid shock a year later when I saw you on a distant horizon and remarked to somebody that now you were coming along, we could look out for some perfect style. The golfer with me jumped heavily on me for being so enthusiastic about your swing; said nothing with such a hinge in its back at the finish could be steady. I think you 've lost it again now, probably, but as Miss Helme has asked me to be critical, I can't help picking this out. And I have seen you have a terrible wobble with your putter—not often; I know you 're a very good putter, but sometimes the blade wobbles all over the place after you 've hit the ball, so that it gives me the idea that you 're beginning to wobble it before you 've hit it. All the same, you must be a sticker, or you never would have beaten Mrs. Coats this year in the final of the Scottish at the twenty-third hole. Didn't I read somewhere that you were never down? so that it must have been a horrid strain to feel yourself taken on and on. I know I should have wondered whether I weren't going to be down for the first time at the nineteenth, or the twentieth, or the twenty-first, or the twenty-second.

Miss Latchford

Miss Rieben

As for you, Miss Latchford, it 's a long time since I saw you playing—not, I fancy, since the Girls' Championship, which was, dear me! I suppose, five years ago. You had a very nice style then, and you were very humble about your game. I hope you haven't lost either of those possessions, but, not knowing, it seems a little difficult for me to say.

Now for you, Miss Rieben. I like what I 've seen of your golf, although that isn't very much yet. But you put up a real good show in the Internationals at Saunton, and I was really a bit annoyed with you for not qualifying. Your golf looked to me to be quite good enough. Still, you 're very young—only nineteen, isn't it? if that—or you wouldn't have been playing in the Girls' Championship this year. Was it your putting? I know that wise mother of yours mistrusts you with a putter, but then she 's so good with it herself that she might well mistrust anybody else.

But you are very lucky if your mother is critical and does mistrust some of your game. Believe me, there 's nothing so fatal for a young golfer as a blindly adoring family who think everything their youngster does is perfect, and that nobody else's game matters at all. I always think young golfers have a great deal to live down. Almost all of them are looked on as full-fledged swans before they go to their first Open Championship, and most of them are quite ordinary geese, so that they meet with a very nasty shock. The best of them pick themselves up again and are all the better, but some are crushed for evermore. Don't let yourself be crushed by the disaster that overtook you in the Girls' Championship. You had quite a lot to defend, as the only national champion who had ever gone in for the Girls' Championship, and Miss de Gunzbourg had a frightfully brilliant patch against you. You 'll only be the better golfer, not the worse, for such a trouncing. You did the real sporting thing in going in instead of standing out as if you were a little tin god, just because you 'd won the Welsh. I suppose you ought to have won, but I think it was much better for you that you didn't. There ought to be plenty of championships of one kind and another waiting for you to win them, if you come on and do all that the great James Braid tells you.

Yours critically, STEEL SHAFT.

Ian Peebles on CRICKET

Our Test Victory

THE most optimistic Briton could hardly have anticipated a triumph so great as England's victory last Wednesday. Although by the end of the first day the position appeared to be in England's favour, it still looked an open fight, and even at the end of the record second-wicket partnership, the match was not completely one-sided. Our batsmen did splendidly, as we thought they would, but our bowlers exceeded all expectations.

Above: Larwood and Voce, the two Notts bowlers who had much to do with dismissing the Australians for a comparatively moderate total in the first Test Match at Sydney. Right: The Nawab of Pataudi, who played a fine innings of 102

AS I suggested a fortnight ago, given a good total, England's chief weapon would be Larwood, and on his success against the first few Australian batsmen depended our whole chance of victory. It was the greatest fast-bowling performance in Australia since the war—greater than his success of 1928-29, because it extended over both innings. He is a very much stronger man than when last he toured Australia, and, apart from the fact that he can keep his pace over much longer spells, there is less danger of him losing his devil before the end of the trip. This must be guarded against at all costs—even if he has to be rested against strong State sides. It will be most interesting to see what will happen if Bradman is restored to health in time to play in the next Test. He has not shown any particular liking for the fast stuff in his previous appearances, and it is reasonable to suppose that Larwood produces an extra yard or two's pace in Test Matches.

THE supporting bowlers seem to have done all that was expected of them, and the critics are unanimous in their praise of Jardine's tactics. It is probable that one of the leg-break bowlers will have to be included, though, before the end of the tour.

THE Australian bowling cannot be said to have failed, but, as was expected, it proved to be efficient rather than positively destructive. Grimmett seems to be fairly well under control, but it is worthy of note that O'Reilly looked troublesome throughout and became dangerous the moment he received any help from the wicket. In this particular match, however, Wall is the outstanding figure in the Australian attack. He is not prodigiously fast, but he is lively from the pitch and, despite a run up of about 28 yards, he sustains his "nip" for long periods. Above all, he is a tremendous trier. I have seen him still bowling at a respectable pace when he looked hardly able to walk back to the end of his run. Nagel, from his figures, was consistent, but does not appear to be a very great menace at the moment.

Tying Them Into Notts

THE great outburst about our knavish bowling methods seems to have subsided. It was all rather laughable, in any case, and it is not so long since Gregory and MacDonald caused a fair measure of panic in our ranks. It is a curious thing that when our batsmen were discomfitted we were inclined to deride them, but when the Australian batsmen flinch their supporters denounce our bowlers.

LEG theory will always be rather a vexed question, but my own idea is that in ultra-serious and warlike cricket it is perfectly legitimate. On the other hand, in less consequential cricket it is to be discouraged because of its depressing influence on any enterprising play.

IT will be interesting to see what steps Australia will take to strengthen her side. There is bound to be something of a reshuffle, and doubtless steps will be taken to cut down a somewhat weak tail. All-rounders of the Oxenham type seem to be the answer. If Bradman is well enough to play it will make a lot of difference on paper, and it might then be possible to bring in Ironmonger.

Below: W. Hammond, the Gloucestershire all-rounder, who, in addition to scoring a century for England, captured two valuable Australian wickets in the second innings

Walter Hammond

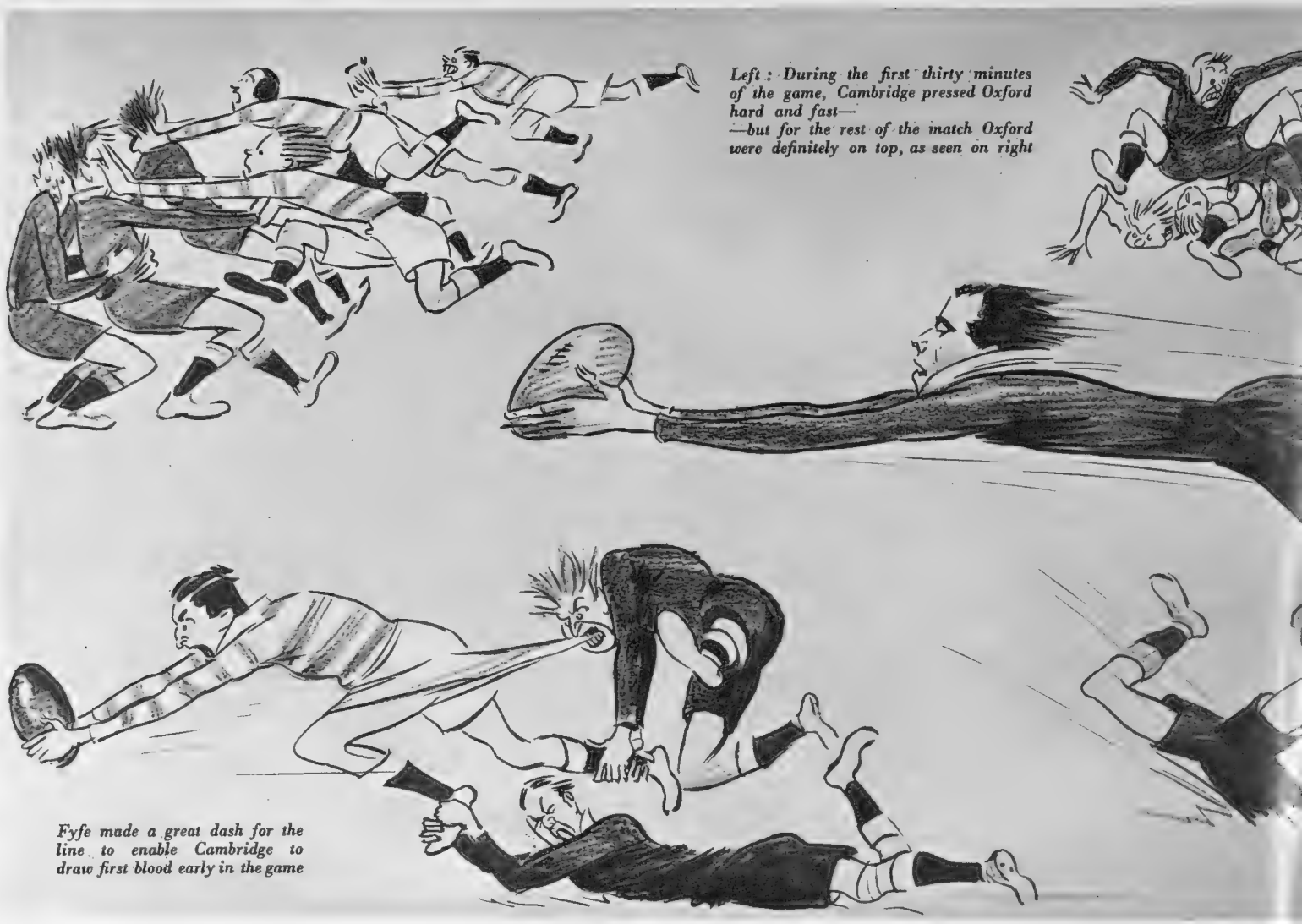
Oh my ears
and whiskers!

it's
GUINNESS
TIME

With apologies to Lewis Carroll and Sir John Tenniel.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOUR GOLF

G.E. 252



Left: During the first thirty minutes of the game, Cambridge pressed Oxford hard and fast—
—but for the rest of the match Oxford were definitely on top, as seen on right

Fyfe made a great dash for the line to enable Cambridge to draw first blood early in the game

Oxford and Cambridge at Twickenham: Our artist, H. H. Harris,

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

WE had a boxing fiasco with a vengeance at the Albert Hall last Wednesday night. The chief contest, between Jackie Brown and Dick Corbett, did not take place, and the two main supporting fights were not fights at all.

It was a thoroughly disappointing evening, and many people must have gone away in considerable disgust. It is rather difficult to arrive at the truth about this Corbett-Brown affair, but the bare facts are these. The fight was under contract with the British Boxing Board of Control at 8 st. 6 lb., but at the weigh-in Corbett was on and off the scales before Dave Lumiansky, Brown's manager, had a chance to see Corbett's weight.

This, at any rate, is Lumiansky's version of the affair, and he asked J. Lambert, the B.B.B.C. official, to put Corbett on the scales again. Lambert refused, whereupon Lumiansky said that there would be no fight.

NOW my own opinion is that both parties were, to a certain extent, in the wrong. Lambert might well have allowed Corbett to go on the scales a second time, but since he refused, Lumiansky should have appealed to the Board, instead of cancelling the fight. After all, whether Lambert's pronouncement that Corbett weighed exactly 8 st. 6 lb. was correct or not, the fact remains that he was the B.B.B.C.'s official, and Lumiansky was obliged to abide by his decision pending an appeal to the proper quarter.

The B.B.B.C. stewards refused to take any action, and I must say I can sympathise with their feelings in the matter. Lord Tweedmouth put it in a nutshell when he said to me, "We really don't propose to have our officials dictated to in this manner by American managers."

Well, there it is—another unfortunate incident in the chequered history of boxing. This kind of thing is most unsatisfactory, and it points to the urgent need for a general tightening up of the way in which the sport is governed.

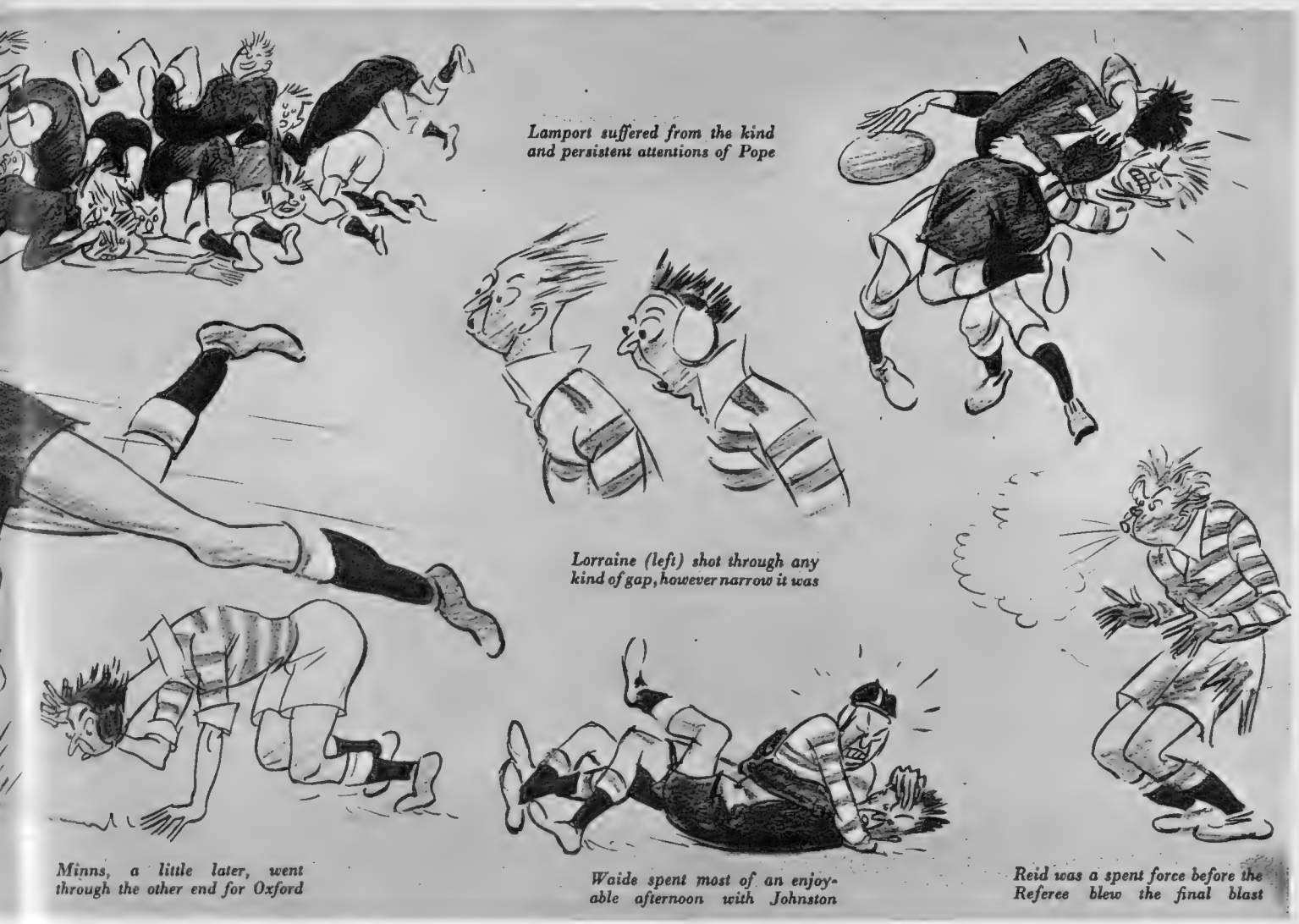
AS for the other two fights, Jock McAvoy, reputed to be our most promising middleweight, blew up after putting a small, but exceedingly courageous, German on the canvas a dozen times in the first few rounds; and Harry Smith, the West Indian negro, entirely failed to live up to his reputation as a killer.

As a matter of fact, the contest between Smith and Willie Unwin was brought on hurriedly as a sop to the restive crowd after the Brown-Corbett fiasco, and my own impression was that the promoters were anxious that it should not peter out too tamely. At any rate, there was no power in Smith's punches, though they were delivered from awkward angles, for Smith is obviously a capable, awkward, powerful customer of the Battling Siki type. Personally, I have no wish to see Smith in the ring again under any circumstances.

THIS Albert Hall show was really rather an anti-climax, for we had seen a great game of "Soccer" between England and Austria earlier in the day. The Austrians were surprisingly good players, and England were mighty lucky to win. A draw would have been a most equitable result.

It was interesting to compare the short-passing methods of the Austrians with the English W-formation tactics, though Hart, at centre-half, rather let down the English plan by failing to keep position. It was a pity that the Selectors had not chosen O'Dowd, who, to my mind, is the best centre-half in England to-day. Still, the point is that the Austrians thoroughly vindicated themselves as International footballers of the highest quality, and when England go to Vienna for the return match an Austrian victory is quite on the cards.

NOW a word about the Test Match, though we've already heard enough about it, in all conscience. It was amusing to read the criticisms of illustrious critics who were criticising the criticisms of other illustrious critics who may or may not have seen the players they criticised. There were times, however, when the second and third-hand information dished out by resuscitated cricketers became rather tiresome, and the newspapers generally rather lost their heads over the whole affair. The one man who did cause something of a stir was Warwick Armstrong, with his quite unreasonable remarks about the English



Lamport suffered from the kind and persistent attentions of Pope

Lorraine (left) shot through any kind of gap, however narrow it was

Minns, a little later, went through the other end for Oxford

Waide spent most of an enjoyable afternoon with Johnston

Reid was a spent force before the Referee blew the final blast

records his impressions of the "Rugger" match, in which Oxford was victorious

leg-theory attack. I 'm all against the fast bowler who is reduced to the weak expedient of pitching short and deliberately bowling at the batsman, but to blame Larwood and Voce for bowling at the leg-stump seems to me the most arrant nonsense. I hope, incidentally, that Bradman really will be fit in time for the second Test Match, and that his nerves have not gone to pieces. Even if he is fit, I doubt whether he will be as machine-like as usual if Woodfull and Ponsford fail to take the shine off the ball for him.

To turn for a moment to Rugby football, the English Selectors are working on very sound lines, if we may take the Second Trial teams for the match at Torquay on Saturday as a sample of their judgment. Perhaps it was a little surprising to find none of the 'Varsity match forwards included, for many people thought that Prescott and Waller would be given a show. Prescott, in my opinion, is the most promising young forward now playing, but his father, Ernest Prescott, the Rugby Union hon. treasurer, is most wisely anxious that he should not be pushed on too fast. He has plenty of time in which to mature, and if he escapes injuries he will assuredly play for England within the next three years.

It is rather odd, by the way, that two players in this English trial, E. Mercer and N. A. York, are both up at Cambridge, and both without Blues. As a matter of fact, the Old Blues, among them John Daniell, who sometimes, with proper diffidence, give their advice to the Cambridge captain, have not met with much encouragement this winter, and for the first time for many years John Daniell has taken no part in the Cambridge team-building. A pity, for 'Varsity captains, when all is said and done, are little more than schoolboys, and their Rugby football experience is very slight. I know, at any rate, that if I were in charge of a 'Varsity side, I should listen mighty carefully to anything John Daniell had to tell me.

Right : The daughter of Mr. W. W. Wakefield, the famous "Rugger" International, and Mrs. Wakefield, was christened at St. George's, Hanover Square, and the group shows Mr. B. H. Lyon (the Gloucestershire cricket Captain), Mr. Wakefield, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Stoop (wife of the President of the Rugby Union), and one of Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield's three daughters

Below : Dr. William Tucker, another famous "Rugger" International, about to leave for St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, with Mrs. Tucker and their infant son, where the christening ceremony took place

It's a Girl

It's a Boy

CARS with a Personality

The 8-h.p. Triumph

By The
Earl of Cardigan

The 8-h.p. Triumph is a thoroughly smart little car, built on graceful, but substantial, lines

THE 8-h.p. Triumph is a car which should not need much introduction to the motoring public. It is, I take it, a logical development of the "Super Seven," which for many years was known as one of the most successful and popular of light cars. It is smart in appearance, sturdy in construction, and possesses a very useful turn of speed.

The coachwork, which is extremely comfortable in front, although somewhat less so at the back, includes one highly original and very interesting feature. This is the fact that no central door pillar is employed for the four-door saloon body, so that, when both doors on one side are open, a large, uninterrupted opening gives access to the seats.

Above: The front view is distinctly striking, one of the attractive features being the neat metal stone-guard to the radiator

An unusual and interesting coachwork feature: there is no central door pillar, the doors being firmly held by bolts at top and bottom, as will be seen below

Another good and novel feature is the winding control of the sliding roof. The instruments are neatly grouped, and the central controls well placed

No difficulty, with this car, in getting in and out! The front seats tip forward, and the unique arrangement of the doors leaves the whole length of the body unobstructed

Obviously, this is a most excellent idea for solving the old problem—are two wide doors, in a small car, better than four narrow ones? These pillar-less doors are secured, top and bottom, by means of one ordinary handle. In the course of my short test run, I detected no tendency to rattle; and I presume, since the Triumph Company has been using such doors for some little time past, that no such tendency exists.

THE four-cylinder engine is a lively little unit, with a remarkable capacity for "revving." When I state that 55 m.p.h. is possible with a top-gear ratio of 6.25 to 1, there is no need to call in a mathematician in order to see that this represents an engine speed which, a few years ago, would have been regarded as horrific. The figure, actually, is between 4000 and 5000 r.p.m.

The result of this is, of course, that considerable power is available over a wide range of speed, but it cannot be denied that the engine begins to make its presence felt as these very high "revs" are approached. The same may be said of the performance in second gear, which achieves a good 30 m.p.h. with a ratio of 11.1 to 1. A four-speed gear-box can be fitted, if desired, having a silent, easy-change third speed.

The springing is good, and the steering very light and pleasant, although the latter, to my mind—this is a matter of personal opinion—could be improved by additional self-centring action. The foot-brake is excellent, being of the hydraulic type, and therefore exceedingly smooth and progressive; and the hand-brake, acting upon the transmission, although somewhat fierce, is thoroughly effective.

THE price of the complete car, £155, is distinctly reasonable, and a good point is the very full equipment, including, in all models, that most admirable invention, safety glass.

DECEMBER, 1932

16th to 31st inclusive

16th **Racing.** Sandown Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Exeter Fat Stock.
Badminton. Middlesex Championships, Ealing.
Billiards. Non-stop Billiards Tourney, Thurstons.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club.

17th **Racing.** Sandown Park Steeplechases.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Mid-Surrey, Wimbledon. Blackheath v. Brondesbury, Blackheath.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club.
Rugby. English Trial Match, Torquay. Upper Clapton v. The Wasps, Sudbury. Richmond v. Blackheath.
Billiards. Lindrum v. Davis, Thurstons.
Assoc. Football. Huddersfield T. v. Arsenal, Huddersfield. Stoke City v. Bury, Stoke.

19th **Racing.** Derby Steeplechases.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club.

20th **Racing.** Derby Steeplechases.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club.

21st **Racing.** Derby Steeplechases.
Hockey. Blackheath v. United Hospitals.

22nd WINTER COMMENCES.

23rd Chess Congress (to Jan. 16), Hastings.

24th **Rugby.** Upper Clapton v. Saracens, Bush Hill Park. Harlequins v. Richmond, Twickenham.
Hockey. Southgate v. Richmond, Southgate. Teddington v. United Services, Bushey Park. Blackheath v. Old Felstedians, Blackheath.

25th CHRISTMAS DAY.
Swimming. Annual Swimming Race, Serpentine.

26th BOXING DAY.
Racing. Kempton Park, Wolverhampton, Sedgefield, Limerick and Leopardstown Steeplechases.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. London Scottish, Wimbledon.
Athletics. Surrey Walking Club 25 miles' walk.

27th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Wolverhampton, Sedgefield, Limerick and Leopardstown Steeplechases.
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Old Edwardians, Birmingham.
Motor Cycling. M.C.C. London-Exeter and back.

28th **Racing.** Cheltenham Steeplechases.

29th **Racing.** Cheltenham Steeplechases.

30th **Racing.** Newbury Steeplechases.
Cricket. Test Match, England v. Australia, Melbourne.

31st NEW YEAR'S EVE.
Racing. Newbury Steeplechases.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Vive le Ski!

Winter Sports in France

An ice-hockey match on the big skating-rink at Chamonix, which is one of the most perfect in all Europe

A view in the Chamonix Valley, where the winter Olympic Games were held in 1924; lying as it does close under the towering giant, Mont Blanc, it is amazingly beautiful, both in winter and summer

Art for art's sake! The photograph above shows an expert ski-er making a timed run over a course which is specially prepared for speed-ski-ing

Besides Chamonix and Le Revard the winter sports centres of France include Combloux and Mégève, also on Mont Blanc; Peira Cava and Thorenc, back of the Riviera, and also the Plateau de Beuil, which offers perfect slopes for the beginner; several excellent centres above Grenoble and in the Juras; and Briançon, the birthplace of le ski militaire, and the centre of innumerable tours in the four surrounding valleys. The Route d'Hiver des Alpes, from Aix-les-Bains to the Côte d'Azur, links many of these centres by road, an innovation made by the P.L.M., which opens the beauty of the winter mountains to the tourist as well as the sports enthusiasts

A general view of Le Revard, showing the Hotel P.L.M. du Mont Revard, and the station by which the plateau is reached from Aix-les-Bains

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MEGEVE—MONT D'ARBOIS	1,100 metres
COMBLOUX	1,000 metres
MONT REVARD	1,550 metres

The Jura

PONTARLIER	836 metres
MOREZ—LES-ROUSSES	1,135 metres
ST. PIERRE DE CHARTREUSE	850 metres
VILLARD DE LANS	1,050 metres
BRIANÇON—MT. GENÈVRE	1,860 metres
MONESTIER DE CLERMONT	850 metres

On The Riviera

PEIRA—CAVA	1,580 metres
BEUIL	1,454 metres
THORENC	1,240 metres

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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

Vilyd and Hoppie

The largest and smallest greyhounds in the G.R.A. kennels at Northaw. Hoppie, the big one, is cousin to Long Hop; he has not run a race yet, as he is only sixteen months old

Some time ago I stressed on this page the popularity of the long-distance events with the greyhound-racing public. A little later on I was sufficiently conceited to point out that the authorities had arranged many of these events and were, in fact, both at the White City and at Harringay, arranging many races over the longer distances.

The culmination of this activity has now come with the institution of a race at the White City known as the Wood Lane Marathon, open to staying greyhounds capable of dealing with the 700-yards course, and a race which is bound to be eminently popular with the public. It has also proved very popular with owners and trainers, for the entry which has been received is of the highest class and a large one. Such famous dogs as Hall's Delight, Eastry Bridge, Beaded M, East Bromley, Elsell, and the gallant Fret Not, who won the St. Leger, have been nominated from the White City. Wimbledon are sending over their champion, True Pal, a dog which always thrills with his spectacular finishes and his great intelligence at the bends. And West Ham have sent over Wild Wilkie and their old favourite, Bradshaw Fold. Dashing Pimpo, which, by winning the *Daily Mirror* Trophy over this distance, has proved itself one of the greatest stayers of the season, and Lintox, which appears to be at its best just now, will represent Harringay. To add to this already imposing list, Toodler, which has been prominent in open races recently, has been entered from Birmingham, and the two well-known open-race competitors which are privately trained, Dee Swift and Mick's Fancy, will also be seen in this event.

This list of names is more than sufficient evidence of the interest taken by owners and trainers in the event; and it is not surprising, for the owner of the winner will receive £100, a trophy, and 60 per cent. of the sweepstakes; the owner of the second will receive £50 and 30 per cent. of the sweepstakes; and the owner of the third will receive £25 and 10 per cent. of the sweepstakes. This is, of course, in addition to what the dogs may be able to pick up by way of prize money in the preliminary heats.

The Final of this event is due to take place at the White City on Saturday, December 17th, and all those who enjoy the spectacle of these longer races should attend. There is nothing so fascinating as a dog who may not perhaps be the fastest in the race but who makes up for this by a greater intelligence at the bends and a great display of grit, snatching a victory which may seem to have gone beyond his grasp, even as late as the last bend. True Pal is an adept at this spectacular form of winning a race, and he is correspondingly popular with the general public.

Nothing will persuade me to miss this Final, and, in view of the fact that there is bound to be a big crowd to see the race, those who are members of the White City Club are advised to ring up and book their tables early if they wish to avoid disappointment.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

Oysters
***
Consommé
***
Sole à la Romaine
***
Filets de Bœuf
Pommes Frites
***
Roast Turkey with Chestnuts
***
Christmas Pudding
with Almond Sauce
Crême de Mandarines
***
Dessert Café

Sole à la Romaine

Select the whitest fillets of sole possible, and after slightly salting them fold them in two and cook them in butter and some mushroom liquor. Place them in a circle on a hot dish in the centre of which place the garniture composed of lobster and truffles cut into small pieces and heated in butter. Cover all with a thick white sauce which has some cheese in it and sprinkle some grated cheese over the top slightly moistened with melted butter. Brown under the grill and serve very hot.

Filets de Bœuf

Cut some fillets of beef in rounds about an inch thick, and fry them quickly. Have ready some rounds of fried bread the same size as the fillets; place a fillet of beef on each, then a well-cooked mushroom and a small round of fat fried crisp. Make a gravy in the pan in which the fillets have been cooked, pour round them and serve very hot, garnished with watercress.

Roast Turkey With Chestnuts

Slit about 1½ lb. of chestnuts, plunge them into very hot fat, and fry for a few minutes, then drain, shell, and peel them. Next cook the chestnuts in seasoned stock till tender. When quite soft rub through a sieve. Season the forcemeat with nutmeg and pepper, and fill with it the body of a medium-sized turkey. About a quarter of an hour before serving remove the buttered paper from the breast, dredge the turkey lightly with flour, put some butter in the basting spoon, and baste the bird with it. Garnish with fried sausage and serve with good gravy and bread sauce.

Almond Sauce

Cut up a quarter of a pound of butter into a basin, add to it 2 oz. of castor sugar and ½ oz. of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded until very fine, stir in gradually rather more than a wineglassful of brandy. Beat all well together near the fire until it resembles clotted cream, but do not cook it.

Crême de Mandarines

Boil eight tangerine oranges in water for an hour. Cut them in halves and pass the juice and pulp through a hair sieve, add ½ lb. of castor sugar, beat up the yolks of three eggs and add to the orange pulp with one tablespoonful of brandy. Boil half a pint of cream and the same of milk, and pour it over the other ingredients, stir the mixture all the time, add 1 oz. of dissolved gelatine and stir till nearly cold, then pour the mixture into a mould and leave to set.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

(Continued from page 492)

else but grumble at the advent of strangers to clog up their course. Most of them will play their little matches and miss the great opportunity of improving their own game by watching the great men. But at Little Aston it is not an exaggeration to say that all the members were delighted at the opportunity of watching the masters in action. The co-operation of the members of the club made everyone present partaking in the match feel that they were wanted, feel that they were giving pleasure to others as well as to themselves, and must have provided just that final touch to make the satisfaction of the organisers complete.

Finally, it is very well worth while remarking that the Prince of Wales, who was fulfilling an engagement in Birmingham, took the opportunity of visiting the Little Aston course during the week-end. The Prince of Wales is, of course, a very keen golfer and one who can scarcely bear to see a golf course without playing on it, yet he gave a great example in playing only one round and taking a very great interest in the proceedings. He may be said to have given a very much appreciated Royal cachet to the event.

Besides this proposed return match to which I have referred, it is in the air that similar matches will be arranged between the South and the North, and perhaps even between the South and a team of Scottish amateurs and professionals. The more the merrier, say I, and the better for British hopes in the Walker and Ryder Cup matches.

NO one else can work such miracles with glass. Those heavily moulded masses, richly decorated ; a rainbow glow at the very heart of the glass . . . there is the hand of Lalique, unmistakable and inimitable. The times may not be favourable to luxury but useful things may be beautiful and still cost little. And so, to these every day pieces of common use, Lalique has given the sure magic of his touch. What a pleasure to buy . . . and what a joy to offer this Christmas time.

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The Doggy World

"My Best Thanks Are Due . . ."

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I WENT recently to the Crystal Palace intending to have a busman's holiday and watch other people work. However, when I got there I was immediately approached by an agitated secretary, who explained that the steward for the Obedience classes was unable to attend and would I take it on. Apart from the fact that I got a free luncheon I was infuriated by the prospect, but I put on my well-known smile and said that I should be only *too* delighted.

I must explain to you, in case you have never seen an Obedience class, that a number of dogs (generally Alsatians) enter the ring with their owners and perform a number of evolutions never seen on land or sea, at any other time. The main idea is, that the dogs are thus rendered obedient, but my two, while performing the said evolutions with dignity and grace in a ring see no reason to do so, while out for an ordinary walk. However, that is by the way.

I HAVE never seen the ordinary individual walk in the manner affected by the best handlers in Obedience classes. They take small exceedingly fast steps, waggling every bit of their bodies as if they were dancing the Hula-hula. When they turn, they skid their corners, and when they do a right about turn, they do it in one movement. You can, therefore, appreciate that the atmosphere in the Obedience ring is beyond words intense. The judge, the steward, the dogs, and their owners are all on tip-toe, while the ring resounds with commands in French, German, and a strange sort of patois, one of the best expressions being, "Flatz," which being interpreted, means "flat."

The temperature was somewhere below zero, and the judge and I were in that state of armed neutrality, which always exists between a judge and his steward. "Give two-thirds of the marks," he snapped presently. I did frantic calculations on my fingers, and came to the conclusion that two-thirds of thirty was nine. The judge looked over my shoulder and said in an acid voice, "Twenty, please." I gave a ghastly grin and corrected the figures, but when he ordered me to give 6.3 of the next markings, the worm turned, and I explained that decimals were against my principles.

White Brilliance, Mr. Gordon Wright's bull-terrier, was one of the entries in the Birmingham National Dog Show last week

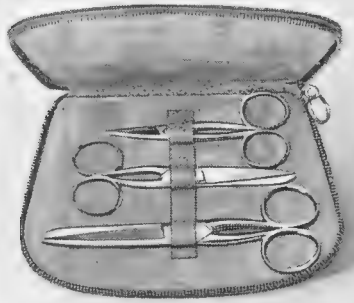
BY now I was tired of stewarding and seeing a friend by the ringside I began an enthralling conversation about the best place to buy a new hat. I was recalled to the grim and icy present by wild shrieks, indicating to my trained knowledge that the dogs, in a sitting position, were being adjured by their owners not to move until the said owners returned. Having been ordered to "Setz dich," "Place," and "Stop" in tones of fury and entreaty, there was a moment's peace, till one dog rose and strolled from the ring.

"What was that dog's number, Lady Kitty, please?" ". . . . no, my dear, her hats are too, too. . . ." I gave a violent start and returned to the ring where the judge gave me a look compounded of hatred and disdain.

But all the same, in his report, he will say, "My best thanks are due to my excellent steward. . . ."

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

A CATALOGUE OF GIFTS WILL BE GLADLY SENT UPON REQUEST



G 2230: Ecrasse Leather Case in various colours, with "Zip" opening, containing 3 pairs Fine Sheffield Steel Scissors £1.7.6

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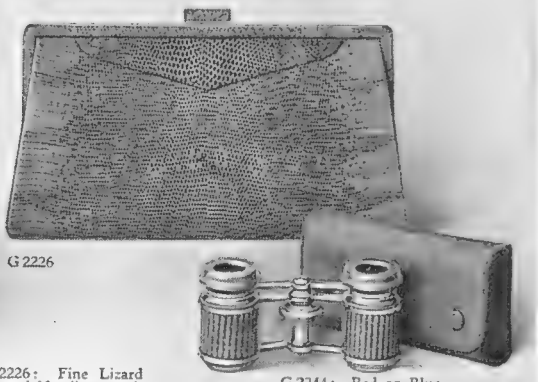
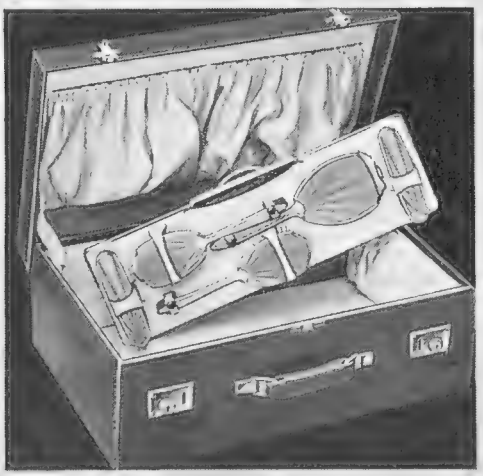
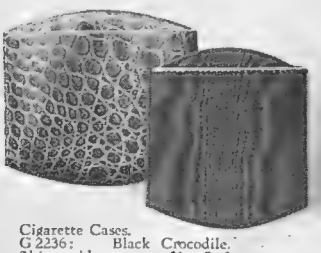


G 2226



L 1970: Lady's 22 ins. Morocco Leather Travelling Case, lined Art Silk and fitted with fine Enamel (newest colours) and Sterling Silver 6-piece Dressing Table Service on removable panel at back. The Case has loose drawn pockets at the ends and in the lid for extra fittings £21.0.0
Case, without Dressing Table Service £8.15.0
Waterproof Cover, 25/- extra.



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G 2244: Red or Blue Fancy Striped Opera Glasses in Moire Case £2.2.0

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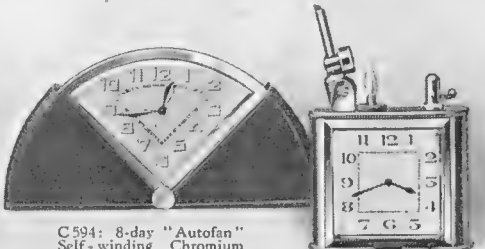

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and reflect whether your hair is as nice as you would wish it to be. You can have lovely hair by applying a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL to the scalp every day, rubbing it well into the roots; this will promote the growth, keep your hair in perfect condition and impart to it a beautiful glossiness.

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THE health and cleanliness of the scalp and the natural activity of the hair roots are absolutely essential before the hair can have that thickness, lustre, "life," and suppleness which constitutes real beauty.

When the scalp is dry or anæmic, the circulation deficient, and the follicles starved, it is almost inevitable that dandruff appears, the hair will become dull, faded, brittle, and will fall out, and the cleverest dressing cannot disguise these defects.

To obviate faulty conditions and preserve the youthful health and abundance of the hair, to preserve or restore its natural beauty and colour, it is necessary to keep the scalp scrupulously clean, to add, if necessary, to the supply of natural oils, and to nourish and stimulate the roots of the hair. Such are the properties of an "old-fashioned" toilet accessory—not old-fashioned in its action, which is in line with the latest discoveries and specifics, but old-fashioned in the sense that it has been in use for one hundred and thirty-nine years!

Rowland's Maccassar Oil was sold in this country as early as 1793, in the reign of George III., and was much favoured by the whiskered dandies of the 1850's, who took particular pride in their hirsute embellishments. Its free use drove Victorian ladies to protect their chair-backs with "anti-maccassars," and Byron proved himself the forerunner of modern puff writers with one of his worst doggerels in "Don Juan":

"Nothing earthly could surpass her
Save their incomparable oil maccassar,"

while Trelawney, opportunist and publicist if ever there was one, claimed to have introduced the oil, to which he ascribed the marvellous hair and complexions of the natives of the islands from which it came, to a London perfumer!

There are numerous encomiums of Rowland's famous Maccassar Oil in the editorial as well as the advertisement columns of the best newspapers during the first half of the nineteenth century. No toilet preparation, subject to the intensive competition and publicity of this century, could have maintained its place as the foremost and soundest specific for the preservation and restoration of the health and beauty of the hair, as Rowland's Maccassar Oil has done, if it did not substantiate its merits in effect.

Should the scalp be obviously in poor condition, treatment should commence with a Maccassar Oil Shampoo. A small quantity of the oil must be warmed and well massaged into the roots of the hair before washing. The good effect is greatly enhanced and accelerated if this is done the night before the hair is shampooed. When the hair is washed the superfluous oil will be removed, taking with it all impurities and dandruff, while what has been absorbed will nourish and activate the roots. Constant shampooing is desirable, and will not dry the hair if the oil massage is practised beforehand. When the hair and scalp are dry, a little oil may be again rubbed in after shampooing. In a short time the scalp will become mobile and active, the hair supple and glossy, the growth will increase, and the colour and brightness of youth will be restored.

Maccassar Oil is also an excellent dressing for those who desire an oil to give an additional sheen to a well-groomed coiffure. It is made in two colours—red, which gives lovely glints to dark hair, and golden, especially prepared for white or fair hair. It is equally useful to men, women, and children, and all types of scalp and hair, since its action is to stimulate natural and healthy functions and conditions.

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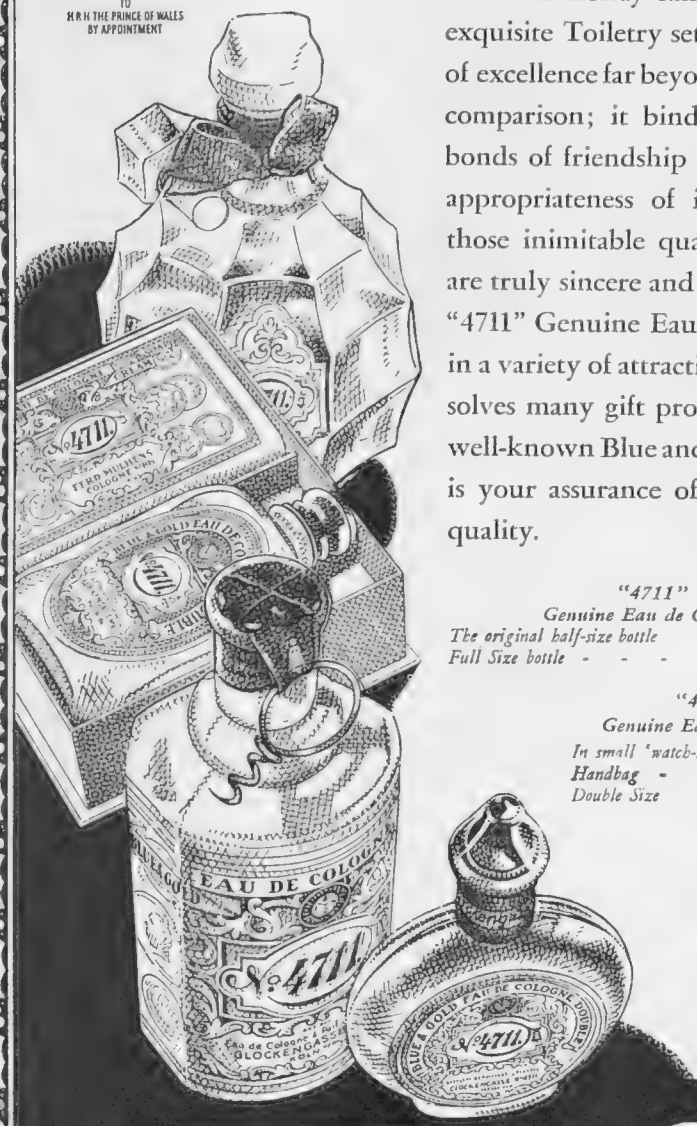

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The Editor's Box

Winter Roses

And not Christmas roses, either, but real summer roses in full bloom at Christmas. That is one of the things that make Torquay the "summer in winter" resort par excellence of England. Its mild climate, its high sunshine record, its pure sea air, its beautiful position, these are a few of the reasons why so many people go to Torquay nowadays, instead of to the Riviera. Admittedly, there is no casino at Torquay, but there is everything else that any Continental winter resort can offer, and more. Tennis, squash, golf, sea-water swimming; theatres, cinemas, music; baths and waters at the Spa: can you want more? For there is more: there is hunting to be had; there is the lovely coast to explore, and Dartmoor, only fifteen miles away, for longer expeditions. There are beautiful gardens in Torquay itself, where, besides roses, camelias, magnolias, and mimosa are in flower. And all this is only three and a half hours from London; no customs, no Channel crossing, no changing your money and getting next to nothing for it; and lovely Torquay is at the end of the journey.

These Christmas Cards

A suggestion to the frantic seeker after Christmas cards and calendars is to remember three names which denote a definite and high standard of production, and in each case a speciality as well, which may be just what is wanted.

Raphael Tuck publish a very wide selection of cards and calendars, including the famous Royal series of cards, which are just the kind to send to the sort of people one wants to impress a bit. Their children's books and annuals have been the standby of English nurseries for more years than most of us like to remember, and still are; and their new "Modern Library" for boys and girls looks like being a particularly popular feature.

To go back to Christmas cards, C. W. Faulkner and Co. is another name which means that the card on which it is found is attractive or original, or both. The speciality of this firm is their well-known "Great Thoughts" calendar, with a quotation on each daily tear-off page. These are specially fascinating to anyone who is superstitious (and who isn't ?), for it is easy to read an omen into each day's great thought.

Harold Huth and Heather Thatcher on the terrace of the Palace Hotel, Torquay; "The School for Husbands," now at the Court Theatre, and in which they both appear, was first produced at Torquay

And finally G. Delgado, Ltd., produce special calendars to suit everyone's taste: a "Punch" calendar, Bateman, Barrie, G. B. Shaw, Peter Pan, Limerick calendars, and many others, all with a page for each week, and an illustration, and verse or prose quotation to suit every mood.

Three Christmas Charities

The British Sailors' Society, whose hostels stand near the quayside of over a hundred world ports, and which assists many hundreds of seamen's widows and orphans, asks for Christmas gifts. 50,000 unemployed seamen, and those far away from home, look to the Society to give them something of the Christmas spirit. Donations, which are urgently asked for, should go to Sir Ernest W. Glover, 680, Commercial Road, E.14.

The Church Army also makes special plans for Christmas, and asks for special help. This year, more than ever, the hampers, the dinners, the parties and treats for children, may be the only sign of festivity in many homes. Each 10s. parcel sent out contains sufficient food for a family of five or six over the Christmas days; a £5 donation will bring some measure of comfort to ten families. Preb. Carlile, at the Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1, is grateful for all gifts, large and small.

Finally, "the National Godfather," in other words the N.S.P.C.C., which helps on an average four children every five minutes, makes a Christmas appeal. Over four million children have been protected by this Society from indifference, neglect, cruelty, and misery in their homes. Further details of the work will be supplied by William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2, to whom also donations should be sent.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Results of the November Monthly Medal Competition

For the thirty best net scores, relative to the par of the course played on, returned in each L.G.U. handicap division during the summer months. Fifteen spoons in the winter. Full particulars will be sent on application to this paper.

Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "The Bystander" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely—18 and under in the Silver division. 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Mrs. Gregson	Formby	85	18	67	72	5 below
Miss H. L. Eddis	Sudbury	93	18	75	76	1 "
Miss I. Greatrex	Aston Wood	98	18	75	76	1 "
Miss Joan Ratcliffe	West Cornwall	79	7	72	73	1 "
Miss A. Blunn	St. Anne's, Old Links	81	7	74	74	equal
Mrs. Williams	North Hants	88	14	74	74	"
Miss M. Couzens	North Worcestershire	89	15	74	73	1 above
Miss P. Carter	Hockley	89	15	73	72	1 "
Mrs. F. H. Oliver	La Moye	77	6	71	70	1 "
Miss Stone	Hockley	89	15	74	72	2 "
Mrs. Robertson	Camberley Heath	89	10	79	75	4 "
Mrs. Alice Palmer	Camberley Heath	95	16	79	75	4 "
Miss B. Clixby	Thonock	94	18	76	72	4 "
Mrs. Bishop	Hockley	92	15	77	72	5 "
Mrs. Playford	Thonock	86	9	77	72	5 "

Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

Mrs. Torrens	Market Rasen & District	84	25	59	66	7 below
Mrs. E. L. Taylor	Bidston	97	29	68	74	6 "
Mrs. A. Mawer	Market Rasen & District	96	35	61	66	5 "
Miss M. Farrar	Bowdon	109	36	73	77	4 "
Mrs. A. M. Hargart	Sand Moor	89	19	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Frank Boydon	Tollygunge (India)	98	28	70	73	3 "
Mrs. Lois Facer	Hazel Grove	100	25	75	76	1 "
Mrs. J. B. Hine	La Moye	107	36	71	70	1 above
Miss McCleverty	North Hants	107	30	77	74	3 "
Mrs. McAdam	Cowes	110	35	75	72	3 "
Mrs. Millett	North Hants	101	23	78	74	4 "
Miss Pollard	Kingsthorpe	104	26	78	74	4 "
Miss Ena Wild	North Hants	103	25	78	74	4 "
Mrs. A. W. Harrison	Thonock	100	24	76	72	4 "
Miss P. Morfin	Thonock	103	27	76	72	4 "

"THE BYSTANDER" Club COMPETITION

Result of the November Monthly Club Competition

Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.	Club	Membership.	No. of Cards	Percentage.
Tamworth	60	88	146.66	Hockley	60	3	3.73
Langholm	68	37	54.41	La Moye	73	2	2.75
Thonock	80	43	53.75	North Hants	150	4	2.63
Cowes	50	9	18.00	Bowdon	46	1	2.18
Market Rasen & District	16	2	12.50	Aston Wood	50	1	2.00

Positions of the Leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

Club	Percentage	Club	Percentage
Tamworth	84.50	Cowes	19.35
Langholm	73.78	La Moye	8.38
Thonock	66.18	Hockley	2.27

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

"The Bystander" congratulates the following players on holing in one:—

Miss Elizabeth Clayhills	3rd at Alnmouth	Mrs. F. Knight	12th at Liphook
Mrs. Ayscouth	8th at Langley Park	Miss D'Arcy Redstoke	11th at Camberley
Mrs. Manvell	16th at Langley Park	Mrs. D. Patton	4th at Glamorganshire
Miss Marriage	4th at Langley Park		

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* The Bystander *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

.... *of which I am a member.*

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. December 14, 1932.
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Obtainable from all Golf Professionals and Sports Dealers.

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***free* NINE HOLE PUTTING COURSE**

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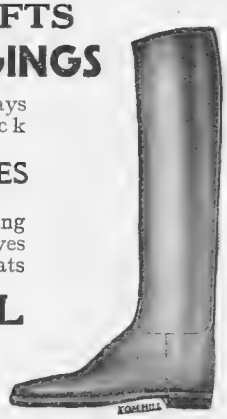

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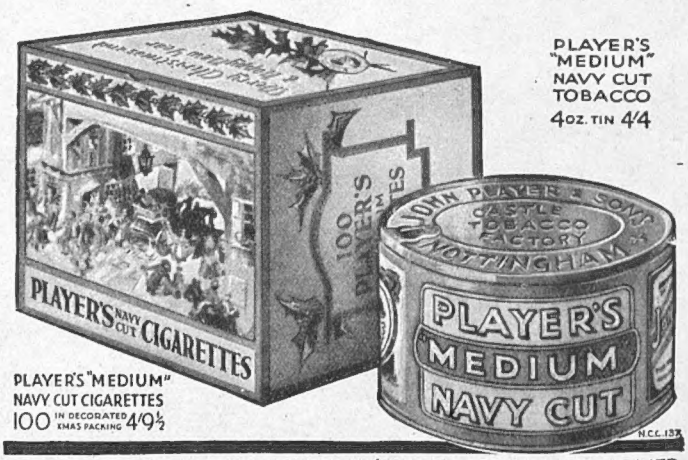

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